





# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## BIG BREAD COMBINE.

GREAT CORPORATION GETS NEW  
JERSEY CHARTER.

National Bread Company Will Seek to  
Control Eventually that Line of Business  
in Larger Cities—Steel Industry  
Not Crippled by Strike.

What promises to be a broad trust of huge proportions had its beginning in the incorporation in Trenton, N. J., of the National Bread Company. The capital stock of the corporation, fixed at \$8,000,000, it is stated, has been fully paid in. The immediate ambition of the concern, it reports from a source seemingly authentic are accurate, is to control the bread output of New York City, Jersey City and Newark. Eventually the corporation expects through a beginning in Chicago and St. Louis, to acquire a similar control over the bread industry in all of the more important cities of the United States. If this be true, the company is aiming at controlling in the line similar to that of the great steel trust, which is regulating the price of steel.

Several of the larger bakeries of New York already have been absorbed on a division of stock basis by the new company, and it is said that in the resulting fight of the trust for control the other bakeries will be forced into the new concern or suffer from the usual methods of competition.

### STEEL IS IN DEMAND.

Factories Not Affected by the Strike  
Display Unusual Activity.

A fortnight of the steel strike has passed without materially affecting the position of the contestants or adversely affecting the industry as a whole. Exceptional activity is noticed at the mills not affected by the strike and the movement of structural material for bridges, buildings and truck elevators is still heavy. Steel bars for agricultural implement makers are firm in price and heavily purchased. Railways seek freight cars, and rails are sold for delivery next January. Cotton ties, sheets and hoops are commanding a premium. Pig iron is accumulating, but producers offer no concessions. Offers for iron plates are accepted for delivery before Oct. 1, when the strike began, owing to the oversold condition of mills, and distant contracts are still taken at unchanged prices, but jobbers are receiving high prices for goods deliverable immediately. Tin has fallen to the quotations prevailing in May, owing to the lack of demand here and weakness in London, according to R. G. Dun & Co.'s review of trade. "Fallures for the week numbered 108 in the United States, against 231 last year, and 28 in Canada, against 28 last year."

### PROGRESS OF THE RACE.

Following is the standing of the clubs in the National League:

Club	W.	L.
Pittsburgh	37	32
St. Louis	35	34
Philadelphia	33	36
Brooklyn	32	37

Standings in the American League are as follows:

Club	W.	L.
Chicago	33	32
Boston	32	33
Detroit	31	34
Baltimore	30	35

### Nephew of Tevis a Suicide.

Following close upon the death of young Hugh Tevis at Nagasaki on his wedding journey, comes the suicide in San Francisco of youthful Lloyd Breckinridge, nephew of Hugh Tevis, and grandson of the famous Breckinridge of Kentucky. The young man, who was only 28 years old, was afflicted with spinal disease and recently became despondent.

### Earthquake Brings Rain.

A scorching, sun-drenched July, wide through the Nevada desert from Death as far west as Caslin experienced a series of heavy earthquake shocks. At Elko, Nev., the shock was unusually severe. The high school building, a big brick structure, was badly cracked by the violence of the vibrations and other buildings, including a hotel, were cracked. The earthquake was followed by heavy rains.

### Cigar-Makers on a Strike.

A general cigar-makers' strike was officially declared at Tampa, Fla. This is a strike of all La Resistencia workmen, about 5,000 in number, because the International Union of Cigar Makers was not at work in their factories. The men did not leave the factories at once, but agreed to close up the day's work and then walked out.

### Lives Lost in a Fire.

In Louisville, Ky., Max Belovitch, a cigar-maker, was killed, and his wife and two children were killed while trying to escape from a fire which broke out in a frame cottage and quickly spread to others. The fire destroyed the property of the Badgley-Graham Photographic Supply Company.

### Strike Ends in Draw.

J. Pierpont Morgan has ended the steel strike by arranging mutual concessions. The result of the giant struggle between capital and labor is regarded as a draw.

### Rains Break Drought.

Drenching rains in five States of the great corn belt broke the drought and revived the shriveled crops. Millions of dollars will be saved to the farmers.

### Convent Destroyed by Fire.

Fire destroyed twenty-nine houses and a convent at La Prairie, near Montreal. The blaze broke out in a frame cottage and quickly spread to others. The most important structure burned was the convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The loss is about \$100,000.

### New Board to Rule China.

New board to rule China, consisting of five men, with Prince Ching as the head, has been named and Pekin regards the action as rendering the situation more hopeful.

### New Oil Field Opened.

An oil well which was drilled three miles east of Lima, Ohio, proves to be the biggest gusher in the Lima field. It will average several thousands of barrels a day. It is impossible to control the flow. The new well will open up a big territory.

### Mrs. Nation Sentenced to Jail.

Mrs. Carrie Nation was fined \$100 and given a thirty days' jail sentence by Judge Hazen in the District Court at Topeka, Kan., for disturbing the peace and dignity of the city by a Sunday joint raid last March. There is no appeal and Mrs. Nation must serve her time in prison.

# FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE EARTH

## TWO OUTLAWS ARE ARRESTED.

"Sol" Temple and William Hensley Taken at Leavenworth, Kan.

"Sol" Temple, a member of the old Billsworth gang of outlaws, which several years ago operated extensively in Southern Kansas and Oklahoma, has been arrested at Leavenworth, Kan., together with William Jones, alias William Hensley. They were taken by two detectives near Fort Leavenworth in what is known as the "Klondike" saloon district outside the army reservation. They had, it is alleged, planned a raid on the saloons, and had cut the telephone and telegraph wires to Leavenworth to make escape easier. Temple surrendered only when a revolver was placed at his breast. Jones snatched his revolver twice at the officer who had covered him, but it failed to fire, and the other shot him in the neck. The wound is serious, but not fatal. Temple will be taken to Poudre Creek, Oklahoma, where he is wanted on several charges and for breaking jail twice. Jones, or Hensley, is about 22 years of age, and says his home is at St. Joseph, Mo. Temple's identity was not known at first until examined by two detectives brought from Kansas City. He went under the name of Murphy.

## FOUR PERSONS BURNED ALIVE.

Woman and Three Children Perish in Blazing Tenement.

A whole family was burned in a Penn avenue tenement fire, in Pittsburgh. The mother and three children are dead and the husband is badly burned and is now at the hospital. The cause of the fire can be traced to a gas stove. The dead are: Mrs. Sophia Ratza, aged 30 years; Viola Ratza, 8 years; Katherine Ratza, a boy, 5 years; Wabcock, a boy, aged 2 years. From what can be learned Mrs. Ratza was preparing breakfast in her apartment when the fire broke out. The fire in the kitchen stove was not burning as quickly as she wanted it to and she took an oil can and poured some of the oil on the fire. In a moment a blaze from the grate of the stove ignited the oil in the can and an explosion, which was heard throughout the house, followed.

## ACCIDENT NEAR MUNCIE, IND.

Two Street Cars Collide and Many Narrowly Escape Injury.

At Muncie, Ind., on a recent morning a west-bound special interurban electric car on the Union Traction Company line west of Muncie, Ind., dashed into the regular passenger car from Indianapolis, the switch having been tampered with. The vestibules in both cars were smashed. Motorman Willard E. H. of Muncie had a narrow escape. The special was filled with 125 colored people from Anderson, who attended a colored social event in Muncie. Many persons in both cars were slightly injured. None reported as serious.

## Prisoners Attack a Priest.

During a melee at the county jail in Omaha Denn Campbell, pair of Trinity Cathedral was rudely jostled and barely escaped with the aid of a jailer. The priest had been giving the prisoners good advice of a somewhat personal nature which was resented by several of the audience. Other prisoners took the clergyman's part and a general fight ensued, in which the priest's following was about to be vanquished when the jail attendants came to the rescue.

## Mixed Paint Trust.

It is reported that negotiations are on foot looking to a consolidation of large mixed paint concerns. One report has it that the company will engage in all branches of the paint business, including stencils, colors, carpentering, varnishes, chemicals, brushes and glass, and that a \$100,000,000 company will be organized.

## Eleven Injured in Wreck.

Eleven passengers were badly injured by an unexplained accident to a west-bound Denver and Rio Grande passenger train one mile west of Marshall Pass, Colo. The Pullman sleeper broke loose from the train, turned a complete somersault and plunged down a fourteen-foot embankment.

## Mysterious Girl Identified.

The mystery surrounding Irene Cammings, the 16-year-old girl who so mysteriously appeared at Joston, Ind., recently, and whose identity the police have been endeavoring to discover, was cleared up by a message from Barre, Vt., stating that she is a girl who ran away from East Barre last winter.

## Russian Corps Injured.

A hail storm in the district of Schlitz, government of Tamboff, Russia, destroyed the crops over a wide area. Three men and many cattle were killed, while an entire flock of sheep and two sheep-herds were carried off by the flood. Some of the hail stones weighed three pounds.

## Killed in Self Defense.

At Nevada, Mo., in the preliminary examination before Justice Pogue of L. E. Bryan, who killed John Davis in that county on July 3, the case was dismissed by the prosecuting attorney, the evidence tending to show the killing was done in self-defense.

## Brooklyn Bridge Disabled.

Several suspension rods of the north cable of the Brooklyn bridge were discovered to be broken. Car service and team traffic were suspended as a precautionary measure until it was ascertained the damage was slight.

## Debt Leads to a Murder.

George Young, a barber of Ilion, N. Y., was shot dead by Henry Brown, as a result of a quarrel over a debt of \$16 which Young alleged was owed him by Brown. Both men were excellent reputations.

## She Called the Judge a Liar.

Mrs. Annie Blech of Cincinnati, in open court at Batavia, Ohio, called Judge Parrot a liar, and was sent to jail until she retracts the statement. This she says she will never do.

## Prayers for Rain Answered.

The grain States had their prayer for rain answered the other night and the threatened destruction of corn, wheat, and other cereals has been partly stopped.

## Schley Inquiry Court Named.

Secretary Long has named Admiral Dewey and Rear Admirals Kimberly and Benham, retired, as the members of the Schley court of inquiry.

## Great Davenport Fire.

Fire in Davenport, Iowa, destroyed property worth \$700,000 and rendered homeless hundreds of persons.

## THE MARKETS

### Chicago—Cattle, common to prime.

\$3.00 to \$3.85; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$3.20; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 74c to 75c; No. 3, 73c to 74c; No. 4, 72c to 73c; No. 5, 71c to 72c; No. 6, 70c to 71c; No. 7, 69c to 70c; No. 8, 68c to 69c; No. 9, 67c to 68c; No. 10, 66c to 67c; No. 11, 65c to 66c; No. 12, 64c to 65c; No. 13, 63c to 64c; No. 14, 62c to 63c; No. 15, 61c to 62c; No. 16, 60c to 61c; No. 17, 59c to 60c; No. 18, 58c to 59c; No. 19, 57c to 58c; No. 20, 56c to 57c; No. 21, 55c to 56c; No. 22, 54c to 55c; No. 23, 53c to 54c; No. 24, 52c to 53c; No. 25, 51c to 52c; No. 26, 50c to 51c; No. 27, 49c to 50c; No. 28, 48c to 49c; No. 29, 47c to 48c; No. 30, 46c to 47c; No. 31, 45c to 46c; No. 32, 44c to 45c; No. 33, 43c to 44c; No. 34, 42c to 43c; No. 35, 41c to 42c; No. 36, 40c to 41c; No. 37, 39c to 40c; No. 38, 38c to 39c; No. 39, 37c to 38c; No. 40, 36c to 37c; No. 41, 35c to 36c; No. 42, 34c to 35c; No. 43, 33c to 34c; No. 44, 32c to 33c; No. 45, 31c to 32c; No. 46, 30c to 31c; No. 47, 29c to 30c; No. 48, 28c to 29c; No. 49, 27c to 28c; No. 50, 26c to 27c; No. 51, 25c to 26c; No. 52, 24c to 25c; No. 53, 23c to 24c; No. 54, 22c to 23c; No. 55, 21c to 22c; No. 56, 20c to 21c; No. 57, 19c to 20c; No. 58, 18c to 19c; No. 59, 17c to 18c; No. 60, 16c to 17c; No. 61, 15c to 16c; No. 62, 14c to 15c; No. 63, 13c to 14c; No. 64, 12c to 13c; No. 65, 11c to 12c; No. 66, 10c to 11c; No. 67, 9c to 10c; No. 68, 8c to 9c; No. 69, 7c to 8c; No. 70, 6c to 7c; No. 71, 5c to 6c; No. 72, 4c to 5c; No. 73, 3c to 4c; No. 74, 2c to 3c; No. 75, 1c to 2c; No. 76, 0c to 1c; No. 77, 0c to 1c; No. 78, 0c to 1c; No. 79, 0c to 1c; No. 80, 0c to 1c; No. 81, 0c to 1c; No. 82, 0c to 1c; No. 83, 0c to 1c; No. 84, 0c to 1c; No. 85, 0c to 1c; No. 86, 0c to 1c; No. 87, 0c to 1c; No. 88, 0c to 1c; No. 89, 0c to 1c; No. 90, 0c to 1c; No. 91, 0c to 1c; No. 92, 0c to 1c; No. 93, 0c to 1c; No. 94, 0c to 1c; No. 95, 0c to 1c; No. 96, 0c to 1c; No. 97, 0c to 1c; No. 98, 0c to 1c; No. 99, 0c to 1c; No. 100, 0c to 1c.

### Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping.

\$3.00 to \$3.20; hogs, choice light, \$4.00 to \$4.20; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$3.20; wheat, No. 2, 74c to 75c; No. 3, 73c to 74c; No. 4, 72c to 73c; No. 5, 71c to 72c; No. 6, 70c to 71c; No. 7, 69c to 70c; No. 8, 68c to 69c; No. 9, 67c to 68c; No. 10, 66c to 67c; No. 11, 65c to 66c; No. 12, 64c to 65c; No. 13, 63c to 64c; No. 14, 62c to 63c; No. 15, 61c to 62c; No. 16, 60c to 61c; No. 17, 59c to 60c; No. 18, 58c to 59c; No. 19, 57c to 58c; No. 20, 56c to 57c; No. 21, 55c to 56c; No. 22, 54c to 55c; No. 23, 53c to 54c; No. 24, 52c to 53c; No. 25, 51c to 52c; No. 26, 50c to 51c; No. 27, 49c to 50c; No. 28, 48c to 49c; No. 29, 47c to 48c; No. 30, 46c to 47c; No. 31, 45c to 46c; No. 32, 44c to 45c; No. 33, 43c to 44c; No. 34, 42c to 43c; No. 35, 41c to 42c; No. 36, 40c to 41c; No. 37, 39c to 40c; No. 38, 38c to 39c; No. 39, 37c to 38c; No. 40, 36c to 37c; No. 41, 35c to 36c; No. 42, 34c to 35c; No. 43, 33c to 34c; No. 44, 32c to 33c; No. 45, 31c to 32c; No. 46, 30c to 31c; No. 47, 29c to 30c; No. 48, 28c to 29c; No. 49, 27c to 28c; No. 50, 26c to 27c; No. 51, 25c to 26c; No. 52, 24c to 25c; No. 53, 23c to 24c; No. 54, 22c to 23c; No. 55, 21c to 22c; No. 56, 20c to 21c; No. 57, 19c to 20c; No. 58, 18c to 19c; No. 59, 17c to 18c; No. 60, 16c to 17c; No. 61, 15c to 16c; No. 62, 14c to 15c; No. 63, 13c to 14c; No. 64, 12c to 13c; No. 65, 11c to 12c; No. 66, 10c to 11c; No. 67, 9c to 10c; No. 68, 8c to 9c; No. 69, 7c to 8c; No. 70, 6c to 7c; No. 71, 5c to 6c; No. 72, 4c to 5c; No. 73, 3c to 4c; No. 74, 2c to 3c; No. 75, 1c to 2c; No. 76, 0c to 1c; No. 77, 0c to 1c; No. 78, 0c to 1c; No. 79, 0c to 1c; No. 80, 0c to 1c; No. 81, 0c to 1c; No. 82, 0c to 1c; No. 83, 0c to 1c; No. 84, 0c to 1c; No. 85, 0c to 1c; No. 86, 0c to 1c; No. 87, 0c to 1c; No. 88, 0c to 1c; No. 89, 0c to 1c; No. 90, 0c to 1c; No. 91, 0c to 1c; No. 92, 0c to 1c; No. 93, 0c to 1c; No. 94, 0c to 1c; No. 95, 0c to 1c; No. 96, 0c to 1c; No. 97, 0c to 1c; No. 98, 0c to 1c; No. 99, 0c to 1c; No. 100, 0c to 1c.

### St. Louis—Cattle, 3c.25 to 3c.35; hogs,

\$3.00 to \$3.20; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 67c to 68c; corn, No. 2, 34c to 35c; No. 3, 33c to 34c; No. 4, 32c to 33c; No. 5, 31c to 32c; No. 6, 30c to 31c; No. 7, 29c to 30c; No. 8, 28c to 29c; No. 9, 27c to 28c; No. 10, 26c to 27c; No. 11, 25c to 26c; No. 12, 24c to 25c; No. 13, 23c to 24c; No. 14, 22c to 23c; No. 15, 21c to 22c; No. 16, 20c to 21c; No. 17, 19c to 20c; No. 18, 18c to 19c; No. 19, 17c to 18c; No. 20, 16c to 17c; No. 21, 15c to 16c; No. 22, 14c to 15c; No. 23, 13c to 14c; No. 24, 12c to 13c; No. 25, 11c to 12c; No. 26, 10c to 11c; No. 27, 9c to 10c; No. 28, 8c to 9c; No. 29, 7c to 8c; No. 30, 6c to 7c; No. 31, 5c to 6c; No. 32, 4c to 5c; No. 33, 3c to 4c; No. 34, 2c to 3c; No. 35, 1c to 2c; No. 36, 0c to 1c; No. 37, 0c to 1c; No. 38, 0c to 1c; No. 39, 0c to 1c; No. 40, 0c to 1c; No. 41, 0c to 1c; No. 42, 0c to 1c; No. 43, 0c to 1c; No. 44, 0c to 1c; No. 45, 0c to 1c; No. 46, 0c to 1c; No. 47, 0c to 1c; No. 48, 0c to 1c; No. 49, 0c to 1c; No. 50, 0c to 1c; No. 51, 0c to 1c; No. 52, 0c to 1c; No. 53, 0c to 1c; No. 54, 0c to 1c; No. 55, 0c to 1c; No. 56, 0c to 1c; No. 57, 0c to 1c; No. 58, 0c to 1c; No. 59, 0c to 1c; No. 60, 0c to 1c; No. 61, 0c to 1c; No. 62, 0c to 1c; No. 63, 0c to 1c; No. 64, 0c to 1c; No. 65, 0c to 1c; No. 66, 0c to 1c; No. 67, 0c to 1c; No. 68, 0c to 1c; No. 69, 0c to 1c; No. 70, 0c to 1c; No. 71, 0c to 1c; No. 72, 0c to 1c; No. 73, 0c to 1c; No. 74, 0c to 1c; No. 75, 0c to 1c; No. 76, 0c to 1c; No. 77, 0c to 1c; No. 78, 0c to 1c; No. 79, 0c to 1c; No. 80, 0c to 1c; No. 81, 0c to 1c; No. 82, 0c to 1c; No. 83, 0c to 1c; No. 84, 0c to 1c; No. 85, 0c to 1c; No. 86, 0c to 1c; No. 87, 0c to 1c; No. 88, 0c to 1c; No. 89, 0c to 1c; No. 90, 0c to 1c; No. 91, 0c to 1c; No. 92, 0c to 1c; No. 93, 0c to 1c; No. 94, 0c to 1c; No. 95, 0c to 1c; No. 96, 0c to 1c; No. 97, 0c to 1c; No. 98, 0c to 1c; No. 99, 0c to 1c; No. 100, 0c to 1c.

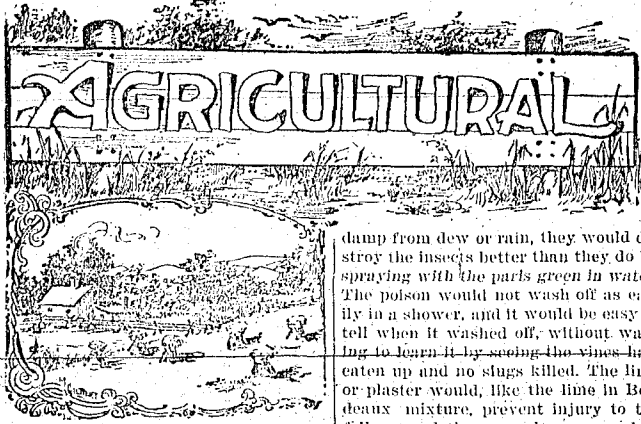
### St. Louis—Cattle, 3c.25 to 3c.35; hogs,

\$3.00 to \$3.20; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 67c to 68c; corn, No. 2, 34c to 35c; No. 3, 33c to 34c; No. 4, 32c to 33c; No. 5, 31c to 32c; No. 6, 30c to 31c; No. 7, 29c to 30c; No. 8, 28c to 29c; No. 9, 27c to 28c; No. 10, 26c to 27c; No. 11, 25c to 26c; No. 12, 24c to 25c; No. 13, 23c to 24c; No. 14, 22c to 23c; No. 15, 21c to 22c; No. 16, 20c to 21c; No. 17, 19c to 20c; No. 18, 18c to 19c; No. 19, 17c to 18c; No. 20, 16c to 17c; No. 21, 15c to 16c; No. 22, 14c to 15c; No. 23, 13c to 14c; No. 24, 12c to 13c; No. 25, 11c to 12c; No. 26, 10c to 11c; No. 27, 9c to 10c; No. 28, 8c to 9c; No. 29, 7c to 8c; No. 30, 6c to 7c; No. 31, 5c to 6c; No. 32, 4c to 5c; No. 33, 3c to 4c; No. 34, 2c to 3c; No. 35, 1c to 2c; No. 36, 0c to 1c; No. 37, 0c to 1c; No. 38, 0c to 1c; No. 39, 0c to 1c; No. 40, 0c to 1c; No. 41, 0c to 1c; No. 42, 0c to 1c; No. 43, 0c to 1c; No. 44, 0c to 1c; No. 45, 0c to 1c; No. 46, 0c to 1c; No. 47, 0c to 1c; No. 48, 0c to 1c; No. 49, 0c to 1c; No. 50, 0c to 1c; No. 51, 0c to 1c; No. 52, 0c to 1c; No. 53, 0c to 1c; No. 54, 0c to 1c; No. 55, 0c to 1c; No. 56, 0c to 1c; No. 57, 0c to 1c; No. 58, 0c to 1c; No. 59, 0c to 1c; No. 60, 0c to 1c; No. 61, 0c to 1c; No. 62, 0c to 1c; No. 63, 0c to 1c; No. 64, 0c to 1c; No. 65, 0c to 1c; No. 66, 0c to 1c; No. 67, 0c to 1c; No. 68, 0c to 1c; No. 69, 0c to 1c; No. 70, 0c to 1c; No. 71, 0c to 1c; No. 72, 0c to 1c; No. 73, 0c to 1c; No. 74, 0c to 1c; No. 75, 0c to 1c; No. 76, 0c to 1c; No. 77, 0c to 1c; No. 78, 0c to 1c; No. 79, 0c to 1c; No. 80, 0c to 1c; No. 81, 0c to 1c; No. 82, 0c to 1c; No. 83, 0c to 1c; No. 84, 0c to 1c; No. 85, 0c to 1c; No. 86, 0c to 1c; No. 87, 0c to 1c; No. 88, 0c to 1c; No. 89, 0c to 1c; No. 90, 0c to 1c; No. 91, 0c to 1c; No. 92, 0c to 1c; No. 93, 0c to 1c; No. 94, 0c to 1c; No. 95, 0c to 1c; No. 96, 0c to 1c; No. 97, 0c to 1c; No. 98, 0c to 1c; No. 99, 0c to 1c; No. 100, 0c to 1c.

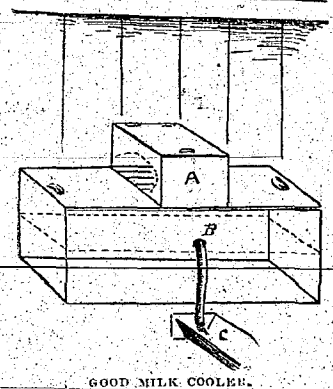
### St. Louis—Cattle, 3c.25 to 3c.35; hogs,

\$3.00 to \$3.20; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 67c to 68c; corn, No. 2, 34c to 35c; No. 3, 33c to 34c; No. 4, 32c to 33c; No. 5, 31c to 32c; No. 6, 30c to 31c; No. 7, 29c to 30c; No. 8, 28c to 29c; No. 9, 27c to 28c; No. 10, 26c to 27c; No. 11, 25c to 26c; No. 12, 24c to 25c; No. 13, 23c to 24c; No. 14, 22c to 23c; No. 15, 21c to 22c; No. 16, 20c to 21c; No. 17, 19c to 20c; No. 18, 18c to 19c; No. 19, 17c to 18c; No. 20, 16c to 17c; No. 21, 15c to 16c; No. 22, 14c to 15c; No. 23, 13c to 14c; No. 24, 12c to 13c; No. 25, 11c to 12c; No. 26, 10c to 11c; No. 27, 9c to 10c; No. 28, 8c to 9c; No. 29, 7c to 8c; No. 30, 6c to 7c; No. 31, 5c to 6c; No. 32, 4c to 5c; No. 33, 3c to 4c; No. 34, 2c to 3c; No. 35, 1c to 2c; No. 36, 0c to 1c; No. 37, 0c to 1c; No. 38, 0c to 1c; No. 39, 0c to 1c; No. 40, 0c to 1c; No. 41, 0c to 1c; No. 42, 0c to 1c; No. 43, 0c to 1c; No. 44, 0c to 1c; No. 45, 0c to 1c; No. 46, 0c to 1c; No. 47, 0c to 1c; No. 48, 0c to 1c; No. 49, 0c to 1c; No. 50, 0c to 1c; No. 51, 0c to 1c; No. 52, 0c to 1c; No. 53, 0c to 1c; No. 54, 0c to 1c; No. 55, 0c to 1c; No. 56, 0c to 1c; No. 57, 0c to 1c; No. 58, 0c to 1c; No. 59, 0c to 1c; No. 60, 0c to 1c; No. 61, 0c to 1c; No. 62, 0c to 1c; No. 63, 0c to 1c; No. 64, 0c to 1c; No. 65, 0c to 1c; No. 66, 0c to 1c; No. 67, 0c to 1c; No. 68, 0c to 1c; No. 69, 0c to 1c; No. 70, 0c to 1c; No. 71, 0c



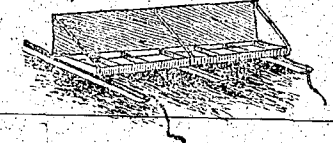


**Home-Made Milk Cooler.**  
On every dairy farm, large or small, there should be some arrangement made for cooling the milk. The illustration shows a home-made milk cooler which has been in operation on a large dairy farm for several years. The size can be varied according to circumstances. A shows the little box in which the ice is placed. This is hinged at the end so that the cover can be thrown entirely back and not interfere in any way with the person who is putting in the ice. B shows the height in the box to which the water can go before it reaches the overflow pipe which goes out of the box into a trough, shown at C, and thence is carried to any point desired. This overflow pipe is a piece of rubber hose. The larger box in which the cans of milk are set has a cover on either side



**GOOD MILK COOLER.**  
of the ice chest, these covers being raised and thrown back against the ice chest when open. The cans of milk are placed in this large box in the water.

**For Destroying Grasshoppers.**  
By all odds the best method for destroying grasshoppers after they have become half grown is the use of the "hopper dozer," or kerosene pan, which is shown herewith. This is made of stovepipe iron by turning up the sides and ends about four inches so as to make a long, flat pan about four inches in depth. This is then mounted on runners varying in height according to requirements. On the frame back of the pan is stretched a piece of cloth to prevent the insects from jumping over the pan. When ready to begin work, the pan is partially filled with water, and some coal oil is added. If the ground is level, no crosspieces are necessary, but if the pan is to be used on sloping ground it should be made as indicated in the illustration to prevent the oil and water from running to one end. The height of the runners will necessarily vary from two to eight or ten inches, according to the crop to be protected and the age of the insects to be captured. The machine may be of any length desired, up to sixteen or eighteen feet. If small, it can be drawn by hand, but when larger a horse or two is desirable. When full, the insects can be removed, a little



**A HOPPER DOZER.**  
more oil added and the machine started afresh. In this way a number of bushels of hoppers can be captured and destroyed in a single day. The cost of running this machine is trifling and the remedy very effective. — Nebraska Farmer.

**Filling the Silo.**  
It used to be thought that rapid filling of the silo was all important. It must be filled so fast that no layer of fodder could build up before it was covered with another, and thus the fermentation beginning at the bottom must gradually work up through the mass until it reached the surface, where oxidation or rotting began, which again worked downward until the decayed matter on the surface prevented any more air from going down. Naturally we accepted this idea, as it was sent out by learned chemists and scientific men, but opinions have changed since those days in the light of positive facts.

The farmers who have not been able to fill their silos as rapidly as they wished to, or have been obliged to wait for help, for weather or for some later field to attain maturity, or those who from lack of facilities for rapid handling have been obliged to fill slowly, have found that their ensilage was all put in practically at one time, or without pause excepting for the night's rest. And some have learned that it does not injure it if part of the water in it dries out before it is cut. The moisture is enough unless the fodder has become dry before cutting by reason of being overripe, suffering from drought, or being frost-bitten. Either of these causes may make fodder so dry that it will be benefited by a wetting before it is pressed into the silo. — New England Homestead.

**The Colorado Beetle.**  
If those who desire to kill the beetles and slugs on their potato and tomato vines would mix a quart of slaked lime, or one pound of it to two pounds of flint plaster, and dust the vines with the mixture when they are a little

damp from dew or rain, they would destroy the insects better than they do by spraying with the Paris green in water. The poison would not wash off as easily in a shower, and it would be easy to tell when it washed off, without waiting to learn it by seeing the vines half eaten up and no signs killed. The lime or plaster would, like the lime in Bordeaux mixture, prevent injury to the foliage, and they are also supposed to have some effect in preventing blight. In the days before the Colorado beetle came around almost every farmer used to put plaster on his potato and squash vines, first to keep off the little striped squashes or cucumber bug, next to prevent blight, and not least because it was supposed to attract moisture to the hill. Probably the fact was that it absorbed some of the ammonia that was escaping from the "showy" of manure in the hill, which most of them used for growing potatoes, and they used to talk about growing "a peck in a hill" then, but we never saw such a hill.

**Commission Produce Dealers.**  
If we were so situated that we could not do better with perishable fruits and vegetables than to ship them to the city to be sold on commission, we would try to find a dealer who had only a commission business, and who never bought goods outright. Poor human nature is weak, and the temptation to sell the goods that had been bought while they were in their best condition, and to allow consigned goods to waste and deteriorate in value until their own goods were disposed of, might prove too strong for some of them. Possibly one who shipped by the carload might be used better because of the importance of his trade, but small shippers are apt to be the sufferers. If prices fall rapidly during the day the report sometimes shows the consignment closed out at the lowest quotations, regardless of the time when they were sold. Commission dealers may be as honest as any other class of men, but as we pray that we may not be led into temptation, we think it is better not to tempt others too much. — American Cultivator.

**Alfalfa for Horses.**  
Concerning the action of alfalfa hay on horses, a farmer says in Breeder's Gazette: "I have more than fifteen years' experience in raising horses from birth to sale, from youth to age, on alfalfa pasture and hay, excepting only by giving them some variety in winter consisting of corn fodder and straw. All animals and man like a variety in diet. I feed no grain except to horses in harness, and my horses are noted for their size, strength and beauty. I sold two Percheron colts in March, 3 and 4 years old, weighing 1,700 and 1,800 pounds, that did not know the taste of grain. I have wintered horses from the city, as many as twenty-five at a time, exclusively on alfalfa, to the perfect satisfaction of the owners. I have never noticed nor known any injurious effect from well-cured, good hay cut at first bloom."

**Feeding Half-Grown Chickens.**  
The usual custom of turning young chickens on to the range to shift for themselves as soon as they are large enough to leave their mother is not conducive to the best results. For chicks that are to form the layers in the late fall and winter this plan will do very well if they are grain-fed once a day. Chicks that are to go to market as soon as they are large enough will need a liberal quantity of cracked corn and wheat placed in a trough where they can get at it easily; do this every other day. The chicks will not over-eat for they will get enough exercise on the range to counterbalance any heavy feeding. The grains named, together with what the chicks will pick up on the range will constitute nearly a perfect balanced ration.

**Evolution of the Apple.**  
Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known, and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and pucker-crab apples and nothing else. The crab apple was and is in its wildness nothing but a rosebush. Away back in time the wild rose, with its pretty blossoms that turn to little red balls, apple flavored, and the thorny crab had the same grand-mother.

**General Farm Notes.**  
Dig out the peach tree borers and jar the curculio.  
Bore is the thing to use on peach trees every time, says one grower.  
In orchards badly infested with cankerworm late spraying with some form of arsenic, which is most safely used in Bordeaux mixture, may do good if the worm is still feeding.

Cultivate the sweet potato ridges after rains to break the crust and keep the soil mellow. Making the ridges narrow the last cultivation will cause them to mature early.  
For field culture for the canneries good strong tomato plants should be ready for the field from the middle to the latter part of June, the time which they are usually set in New Jersey and Maryland.

A great deal depends upon how water is put on. If you begin your irrigation before it is very dry, you don't need so much water. But if you let your ground get very dry and then put on your water you need a great deal more of it.  
Often on the farm, harvest or thrashing hands find it impossible to be at home for dinner, and it is a vexing problem how to have dinner on the wagon without jolting it into a mush. If the dinner bucket is placed in a grain sack, and each end of the sack is hooked or fastened in some way under the hay binding, so that the sack will hang loosely, swinging back and forth, the dinner will jar very little, though carried on the wagon all the forenoon.

## ATTIRE FOR EVENING

GOWNS MADE OF BEAUTIFUL MATERIAL, FINELY WORKED.

A Few Examples of Low-Cut Dresses—New Notions in the Use of Sheer Fabrics—White and Pale Blue Are Favorite Colors.

New York correspondence:

**SUMMER evening gowns** are marked by beauty of material and by the fineness of the work that enters into them. The all-lace gown in black or cream over some brilliant silk is a very swaggery type of these gowns. The most commonplace type is cut low in the neck, made princess, and the bottom is finished with numerous pleated chiffon ruffles. Crepe de chine is a material that is used largely. It is soft and gives the clinging effect so desirable in long trained gowns. It is made with numerous tiny tucks horizontal or vertical, or else is elaborately appliqued in cream lace, the material cut out from beneath



STYLES FOR EVENING WEAR AND FOR GOWNS OF SHEER STUFFS.

the lace, the bright drop skirt, showing through.  
Several pretty examples of low-cut gowns are shown in the first two of today's pictures. In the initial is a pretty dancing frock of cream Brussels lace over bright green silk. Lace, black velvet, and green satin trimmed the bodice. In the upper row of the second picture is a gown of cream all-over lace appliqued with black sequins and worn over green tulle. The train was white chiffon and bordered in delicate green. Below this at the left is a gown of old rose crepe de chine embroidered in white and gold, and at the right is a white organdie, both skirt and bodice trimmed freely with white lace insertions. White appears more or less in all the evening gown fashions, perhaps rather more than has been the case in recent seasons. The simple white muslin finished with ruffles and lace, cut out at the neck, with elbow

comes a swagger cloak of black tulle appliqued with white tulle. Revers and collar were white lace embroidered with gold sequins. This garment is the latest development of the black tulle automobile coat. This was at first perfectly plain, like the dust coat and traveling cover-all coat of black tulle. But now the garment is becoming rarer in finish and is made semi-fitting.

Tulle and satin fashions are very handsome in colorings and designs. All the delicate shades are seen, and the black and white combination is abundant. A very pretty shade of bright red and a dull sage green are the more popular colors, and usually are figured in white. When trimmed elaborately with white or cream lace and sequins they make very handsome gowns. Narrow black velvet is used extensively on these two. The white and black combination is made up with ivory white or cream lace appliques



LATE SUMMER'S USES OF SILKS.

sleeves and finished with the waist with a delicate colored sash, looks as girlish as ever for evening wear.  
The headpieces of sheer fabrics are now at their height, both the designs of the goods and the methods of making showing new and admirable notions. White organdie is self-finished with folds showing the raw edge and trimmed with lace and narrow ribbon. White linen has handsomely replaced the white crepe de chine. The waist is cut with a front outlined with fine silk soutache is a new combination that looks very swaggery. The applique work is cut out from beneath to show a bright color. Pale blue in whole costumes and trimming seems a much favored notion in sheer gowns. The latest development includes belt and collar of pale blue velvet edged with fine cream lace. The all-blue trappings and organdies beautifully appliqued in white and finished with white or cream lace are very pretty when made over a white lace drop skirt. Many of the figured and flowered muslins show pale blue in the coloring. Black lace, with a wide band of crimson red satin and tied at the neck with red satin ribbons.

**Fashion Notes.**  
All the smartest footgear is made with an excessively long toe-cap or vamp, as the bootmaker would it.  
If you have a black gown or a black and white gown and expect it to have modishness introduced by touch of pale blue.  
Straw Etoiles are the latest. They are mounted on white silk and lace girdles. Their high price will keep them from becoming the rage.  
Handsome Kimonos of silk crepe are lined with a delicate colored silk to match the crepe. A handsome one was Persian colored liberty silk, the sleeves and collar lined with a wide band of crimson red satin and tied at the neck with red satin ribbons.

and belt being of pale blue Louisiana satin ribbon. Dark blue lawn is very pretty when trimmed with white lace or embroidery, and white comes in for almost general service. In the seated figures of the first large picture the artist put illustrations of the styles in these fabrics. First is a white linen lawn, the skirt untrimmed, the bodice ornamented by collar and revers of cream lace. The other example was white muslin dotted in red. The bottom of the skirt and the edges of the bolero were embroidered in red.

Silks make a fine summer showing, too. The latest addition to them comes in shirt waist suits of black and white, blue and white and red and white dotted India silk. The skirts are made with a platted Spanish flounce edged top and bottom with two or three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon tied in tiny bows at the sides. The waists are box-pleated at either side of the front, fasten with tiny gilt buttons, and sleeves, belt and collar are edged with velvet, fastening in tiny bows. These suits are unlined, very cool and serviceable. Many women wear them for traveling.

More dressy examples of silk attire were selected by the artist for the concluding picture. Here, at the left, is a white foulard figured in black, the skirt finished with two bands of white lace applique. The same lace and black chiffon ruffling were put on the bodice. The original of the gown beside this was a delicate gray silk chiffonette, both skirt and bolero elaborately trimmed with cream and gold lace. Next comes a pale green foulard figured with white, whose characteristic feature was an unusual employment of black velvet bands. Last



STYLES FOR EVENING WEAR AND FOR GOWNS OF SHEER STUFFS.

the lace, the bright drop skirt, showing through.  
Several pretty examples of low-cut gowns are shown in the first two of today's pictures. In the initial is a pretty dancing frock of cream Brussels lace over bright green silk. Lace, black velvet, and green satin trimmed the bodice. In the upper row of the second picture is a gown of cream all-over lace appliqued with black sequins and worn over green tulle. The train was white chiffon and bordered in delicate green. Below this at the left is a gown of old rose crepe de chine embroidered in white and gold, and at the right is a white organdie, both skirt and bodice trimmed freely with white lace insertions. White appears more or less in all the evening gown fashions, perhaps rather more than has been the case in recent seasons. The simple white muslin finished with ruffles and lace, cut out at the neck, with elbow

comes a swagger cloak of black tulle appliqued with white tulle. Revers and collar were white lace embroidered with gold sequins. This garment is the latest development of the black tulle automobile coat. This was at first perfectly plain, like the dust coat and traveling cover-all coat of black tulle. But now the garment is becoming rarer in finish and is made semi-fitting.

Tulle and satin fashions are very handsome in colorings and designs. All the delicate shades are seen, and the black and white combination is abundant. A very pretty shade of bright red and a dull sage green are the more popular colors, and usually are figured in white. When trimmed elaborately with white or cream lace and sequins they make very handsome gowns. Narrow black velvet is used extensively on these two. The white and black combination is made up with ivory white or cream lace appliques



LATE SUMMER'S USES OF SILKS.

sleeves and finished with the waist with a delicate colored sash, looks as girlish as ever for evening wear.  
The headpieces of sheer fabrics are now at their height, both the designs of the goods and the methods of making showing new and admirable notions. White organdie is self-finished with folds showing the raw edge and trimmed with lace and narrow ribbon. White linen has handsomely replaced the white crepe de chine. The waist is cut with a front outlined with fine silk soutache is a new combination that looks very swaggery. The applique work is cut out from beneath to show a bright color. Pale blue in whole costumes and trimming seems a much favored notion in sheer gowns. The latest development includes belt and collar of pale blue velvet edged with fine cream lace. The all-blue trappings and organdies beautifully appliqued in white and finished with white or cream lace are very pretty when made over a white lace drop skirt. Many of the figured and flowered muslins show pale blue in the coloring. Black lace, with a wide band of crimson red satin and tied at the neck with red satin ribbons.

**Fashion Notes.**  
All the smartest footgear is made with an excessively long toe-cap or vamp, as the bootmaker would it.  
If you have a black gown or a black and white gown and expect it to have modishness introduced by touch of pale blue.  
Straw Etoiles are the latest. They are mounted on white silk and lace girdles. Their high price will keep them from becoming the rage.  
Handsome Kimonos of silk crepe are lined with a delicate colored silk to match the crepe. A handsome one was Persian colored liberty silk, the sleeves and collar lined with a wide band of crimson red satin and tied at the neck with red satin ribbons.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON FOR AUGUST 4.

Abraham and Lot.

Genesis 13:1-12. Memory verses, 7-9. Golden Text: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Matt. 7:12.

Abraham had spent but a little time in Canaan, journeying to and fro with his flocks and his camp followers, when a famine arose (12:10), and he set out for Egypt. It required a large quantity of food for his hundreds of retainers and his animals. The road to Egypt was well worn by many similar parties seeking the land of plenty—the Nile delta and the fertile country to the east of it, where the Israelites lived some generations later. Egypt at that time (2100-2300 B. C.) was already an old nation, powerful and luxurious.

Abraham and Lot returned from Egypt "into the south," says the text. Better "into the Negeb"—into the hilly, barren region south of Judah, between the Arabian or deep continuation of the Jordan valley on the east and the maritime plain on the west. Of course, this lay north, east, not south, from Egypt; but the Hebrews got so into the habit of thinking of this hilly district as "the south" that their usage is reflected in our translation. Abraham was by this time a powerful chief, with large flocks and herds. Since he had 148 fighting men "born in his house," he must have been a man of considerable means. He had a large family, including women and children, must have been more than 1,000. With Lot and Sarah he traveled across the hills and through Judah, along the very edge of the deep Jordan valley, as far as Bethel, north of Jerusalem, where and stopped before on his arrival from Haran. Here they camped, and worshiped Jehovah, presumably with sacrifices upon the altar that still stood on the old camping ground.

**Good Material for a Family Quarrel.**  
There was not room for both. The country about Bethel, the Judean highlands, afforded scant pastureage. Judah was always a half-starved country, compared with the plains and the valleys of more fortunate regions where water was abundant. Abraham's cowboys began to quarrel with Lot's about pastureage. They got to fighting sometimes, perhaps, at one of the few wells where the cattle had to be watered. Then they would go home and get to talking big, as cowboys like to do. Abraham's young men, his servants and tent-men and water-bearers doubtless came to him, bowing low and conveying in the elaborate formulas of the East their resentment against the impositions of his honored nephew's menials. Lot's people stood at the door of the tent in the evening and told the story of the day's quarrel—how Abraham's herds had driven them from the only well in three counties and told them to go water their cattle in the Jordan, or how Abraham's foreman's brother-in-law had said that Lot and the whole Lot outfit had no business in Canaan anyway—it all belonged to the Son of the Covenant, the Child of Destiny, the Lord of the Desert, Abraham ben Terah.

**A Soft Answer.**  
And then Abraham heard one day what was being whispered about in Lot's camp. The great man had no battle with himself then. He was master. The land was his, promised by the Lord, guaranteed forever? Yes; but Lot was his own kinsman, a good man, a man with whom he had always lived in friendship. There must be no break now, no quarrel over a few patches of grass on a hillside or even the scanty fodder of a whole valley. So Abraham put on his gorgeous garments, called for his bodyguard, and made his way over to the camp of his nephew. At the door of the tent he made courtesy salutation. "Peace be unto thee and thy house," he said, as the children of the East have said since the dawn of history and still say to-day. And then he unfolded his plan. "The hill-country was not large enough for the two tribes—and tribes the two clans would soon become. Let them separate. Lot will have the choice of land, and I will have the choice of men. Let each of us choose a neighborly hill, from whose summit the whole fair land lay spread out like a colored map. Lot looked north; he saw the mountains of Samaria, Ephraim and Gerizim, and the country about Shechem; beyond lay the rich Plain of Esau, and that was in the grasp of the Canaanites. He looked south; he saw the mountains of Judah and beyond them glimpses of the Philistine plain; but there were mighty walled cities. He looked south; still mountains, the rockiest and barrenest of all, with the Jebusite fortresses here and there. He looked east—faced the sunrise, and before him stretched that wonderful valley, the deep, deep, deep Jordan Valley, "well watered everywhere, like the garden of the Lord," with tropical vegetation, rich plains and bottom lands, all waving, glowing greenness and beauty. And Abraham looked also.

**The Choice.**  
"So Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan," and turned his face toward the east. He with his caravan descended the steep slopes of the valley and wandered in delight for many weeks up and down the fertile plain with its wealthy cities. Henceforth Lot's destiny was fixed. He had chosen for pleasure and wealth—fixed naturally, to be sure; but apparently the thought of God was not in the choice, judging by later developments. And in years to come the descendants of Lot became the peoples of the Chanaan and of the Philistines beyond it. They grew away from the family of Abraham, and the gulf widened.

But Abraham, without a word or thought of regret, turned his face again to the south, and journeyed back to the birthplace at Hebron, and built an altar to the Lord. He had made his choice—no to share the wealth and luxuries and dangers of life in the wealthy cities of the plain, but to live his own life with his people and with God. And Abraham prospered. He had an opportunity very soon to help his ambitious and unlucky relative out of a bad scrape, as we learn in the next chapter. By a brave, quick chase and a bold attack he rescued Lot from the fierce captives who came back home with their wives and children, refusing the spoils of war. By this time Abraham was beginning to be fit for a child of God. He was ready for a renewal of the promise; and next week we shall study that promise—Gen. 15:1-15.

**Very Anxious.**  
Stranger—Now, there goes a fine, imposing-looking man.  
Native—"That's right. As a fine-looking man he has no equal in this village."

**A Skillful Dodger.**  
"That bookkeeper of yours never seems to be sick."  
"No; he's the most expert scamp dodger we've ever had in the establishment." — Chicago Tribune.

## A MANY-SIDED GENIUS.

The Late John Fiske, Noted American Historian and Lecturer.

Prof. John Fiske, the noted American historian and lecturer, who died recently at East Gloucester, Mass., was a remarkable man. He was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1842, and began the study of Latin when only 6 years old. At 7 he was reading Caesar, had read Rollin, Josephus and Goldsmith's Greece. Before he was 8 he had read the whole of Shakespeare and a good deal of Milton, Bunyan and Pope. He began Greek at 9. By 11 he had read Gibbon, Robertson and Prescott, and most of Froisart, and at the same age wrote from memory a chronological table from 1000 B. C. to 1820 A. D., filling a quarto blank book of sixty pages. At 13 he had read all the great Latin writers and at the same age had gone through Euclid, plane and spherical trigonometry, surveying and navigation, and analytic geometry, and was well on into the differential calculus. At 15 he could read Plato and Herodotus at sight and was beginning German. Within the next year he was keeping his diary in Spanish and was reading French, Italian and Portuguese. He began Hebrew at 17 and took up Sanskrit the next year, getting his knowledge from books and not from his laboratory or the field. He averaged twelve hours' study daily, twelve months in the year, before he was 16; and afterward nearly fifteen hours daily, working with persistent energy; yet he maintained the most robust health and entered with enthusiasm into out of door life.

In 1865 he graduated from the Harvard Law School. He had already begun to write for magazines and reviews, and soon depended on his pen to support himself and the wife he had married while in the law school. His studies of philosophy led to his giving a course of lectures on Positive Philosophy at Harvard in 1869, and the following year he was an instructor in history there. From 1872 to 1879 he was assistant librarian of the college. Since 1879 he had been a member of the Board of Overseers of the university. Since 1884 he had filled a non-resident professorship of American history in Washington University, St. Louis.

It was as a public lecturer on historical themes that Prof. Fiske became most widely known, both in this country and in Great Britain. In both history and philosophy he contributed many works of permanent literary value. Prof. Fiske disregarded the usual rules of health. He always sat in a draught when he could find one and worked in a temperature of from 55 to 60 degrees. He worked the greater portion of the twenty-four hours and night and day were alike to him. He ate whenever he was hungry, disregarding meal hours. He rarely drank wine, but smoked incessantly.

**BABIES TO CUT RENTS FOR CHICAGO TENANTS.**

To Alma Grace Van Winkle, 20 months old, is due a Chicago real estate innovation—the removal of the objection to babies in rented houses, and the substitution of a premium for them. Her father, Charles P. Van Winkle, is the owner of a large tract of land in the southwestern part of the city. Up to the time of his marriage three years ago, Van Winkle had the same objection to babies that most unmarried men have. He liked them asleep. But after his marriage, and after the coming into



ALMA GRACE VAN WINKLE.

his house of the stork, Van Winkle was a changed man. Now his motto at home and in business is: "No family should be without one." He follows up this matter by announcing that whoever builds a house on land leased from him and thereafter becomes the proprietor of a baby shall receive a rent receipt free. Babies coming within fifteen months of the execution of the lease are worth five years' rent. After that they count for one year's rent. No family can score more than once, except in the case of twins, which count for five years.

**Tenacity of Purpose Brings Success.**  
In scarcely anything do we need wisdom more than in the matter of inducing the nature of our children's activity. Indeed, with children who are able and clever, advice and influence must be indirect rather than personal. Put opportunities in their way and then leave them to themselves. In order to test their talent and develop their power of persistence it is well to interpose slight obstacles in their path once in a while. Tenacity of purpose is the bed rock of success in any career, and we want to put out our child's mind—if he returns again and again to a thing from which he has been distracted, and patiently conquers difficulties, we may be sure that he is made of the right stuff. — It means well for the destiny of a child if he dries his tears after a mishap and sets to work to repair the disaster. When he grows up and fronts the greater failures of life he will not be one of those who is continually calling out upon his "bad luck." Instead of attempting to mend it. — Woman's Home Companion.

**A Credit Man.**  
"Who's your friend?"  
"He's our credit man."  
"Credit man? Introduce me. A very responsible position in a big house like yours."  
"Oh, he's not credit-man-of-the-firm. He's credit-man-of-our-crowd, our gang of acquaintances, you understand. When any of us does anything clever and brilliant he claims the credit of it." — New York Press.

## SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Truth.—Truth, like man, must be born again to attain the potency of eternal life.—Rev. A. Gillies, Methodist, Troy, N. Y.

Trials and Trouble.—Trials and trouble are often used of God to make some hearts tender and fearful.—Rev. Dr. L. H. Foster, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Money.—Money is not the root of all evil. This is a misquotation. I am in favor of a man making a million if he can do it honestly, for see what power for doing good he has with it.—Rev. E. R. Rife, Evangelist, Akron, Ohio.

Education.—Education shows us that truth is discovered, not made. The distant stars that we can see only with a powerful telescope were in the heavens before the telescope was invented.—Rev. Dr. Lewis, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

Rest.—We are impressed by the fact that it is the Master who enjoins rest as a necessity of life, because no one in all history is so earnest in enjoining work. He enjoins work by his example.—Rev. Dr. Gregg, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Christian Citizens.—As Christian citizens, desirous of making the world what it should be, you ought to go into politics, and as Christ made warfare against evil, you make warfare against evil.—Rev. D. S. Moore, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Dignity of the Priest.—The dignity of the priest is made manifest from his office. He is an ambassador, receiving his commission and holding his credentials from Christ himself to represent him.—Rev. M. A. Fitzgerald, R. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Presentations of God.—The reason thoughtless people to-day find fault with the Bible is because many of the presentations of God which its pages bring to us do not agree with our present conceptions of God.—Rev. Dr. Rainsford, Episcopalian, New York City.

Immortality.—Immortality is time reduced to life. Everything that man does is for the future; he can not plan, execute and realize in the same moment. Immortality means plans, executions and realizations on an infinite scale.—Rev. J. C. Youker, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Divine Goodness.—If we hope to do good in this world we must first partake of the divine goodness. A man can't dispense that which he does not possess. Once a man stands right with God he has many avenues open to him for doing good.—Rev. W. J. Holtzclaw, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

A Supreme Being.—Most of us have been taught that our lives have some relation to a supreme being—to the divine goodness—the infinite and eternal spirit who works for righteousness. And all sorts of fantastic ideas have gained currency.—Rev. Wm. T. Brown, Congregationalist, Rochester, N. Y.

Resurrection Life.—These are the plain requirements of the resurrection life—not profession, but possession of a new life. The natural is dead in trespasses and sin, separated from God. Restoration can be had only by new life, of which the world's redeemer is the divine source.—Rev. C. S. Mason, Evangelist, Los Angeles, Cal.

An Everyday Church.—I would not have the Christian Church for one moment relax the spiritual appeal which it makes. I think that could be intensified with profit; but on the other hand, there is a crying need for an everyday church, ministering to the bodies and minds as well as the souls of men.—Rev. Dr. Banks, Methodist, New York City.

Truth and Love.—Two streams flow from the life of Jesus, truth and love. The divinity and most vital is love, the only stream on whose shores the evergreens of service grow, and the flowers of sacrifice bloom in sweetest loveliness. In its limpid waters truth and all sorrow may bathe their hearts of woe and feel the calm and peace of heaven.—Rev. C. P. Smith, Methodist, Minden, La.

Emotional Morality.—There is at present a larger measure of emotional morality and a smaller measure of intellectual morality than formerly. Men more fully recognize the law of love, but they less generously heed the law of right. There is an increasing desecration of the Sabbath. There is a heedlessness of plain obligation. Good form means more to a man than that this is commanded, and that "thus saith the Lord." There is a gradual decadence of the sense of sin and belief in it.—Rev. Dr. Patton, Presbyterian, Princeton, N. J.

A Life.—The gospel of Jesus Christ is not primarily a book or a message, nor is it a formula of belief, nor is it a code or morals, nor is it a bunch of definitions, nor is it a parable or a story. First of all and above all, it is a life, the life of the divine among men—the all-pervading Christ.—Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, Presbyterian, Indianapolis, Ind.

Character.—Character is life. That is the only abiding fact in this world of change, the only permanent fact that remains to a man when the world is over. You may be successful in your work, you may do much for the increase of man's comfort and happiness, you may achieve a reputation, but will you also gain that without which all else sinks into insignificance?—Rev. J. C. Mitchell, Episcopalian, Hoboken, N. J.

Who's your friend?  
"He's our credit man."  
"Credit man? Introduce me. A very responsible position in a big house like yours."

Oh, he's not credit-man-of-the-firm. He's credit-man-of-our-crowd, our gang of acquaintances, you understand. When any of us does anything clever and brilliant he claims the credit of it." — New York Press.

An ugly tempter often gets a man into a pretty mess.



## The Avalanche.

G. PALMER, Editor & PROPRIETOR  
THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1901.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

### POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Republican County Convention.

The Republican Electors of Crawford County will meet in convention by delegates in the Town Hall in the village of Grayling on the 17th day of August, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing two (2) delegates to the congressional convention to be held at Standish August 22nd, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. Townships are entitled to delegates as follows:

Maple Forest 9 Grayling 18  
Beaver Creek 4 Frederic 4  
South Branch 3  
M. A. BATES, Chairman.  
T. A. CANNY, Secretary.

#### Republican Congressional Convention.

The republicans of the Tenth congressional district of Michigan are hereby called to meet at the opera house in the village of Standish, Arenac county, Michigan, on August 22, 1901, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., standard time, for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for congress in the Tenth congressional district, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the convention.

Each county in the district will be entitled to the following representation: Alpena, 8 delegates; Alcona, 2; Arenac, 4; Bay, 24; Cheboygan, 7; Crawford, 2; Emmet, 8; Gladwin, 3; Iosco, 4; Midland, 6; Montcalm, 2; Ogemaw, 3; Oscoda, 2; Otsego, 3; Presque Isle, 4.  
West Bay City, Mich., July 27, 1901.  
H. H. APPLIN, Chairman.  
S. G. HOUGHTON, Sec.

Of course, if it amuses our European friends to scowl and show their teeth at legislation which it pleases the American people to ordain, we haven't the least objection in the world. We do not expect them to be sincerely delighted with our tariff regulations, for these are adopted in the interest of the United States. The chances are, however, that the outside world will, in the future as in the past, seek the markets in which it can purchase with the greatest profit to itself. This country has not grown rich and prosperous by permitting other countries to dictate its fiscal policies, and doesn't intend to try any experiment in that line. Washington Post.

England is afraid of Cuba's sugar. A special agent of the English government has recently arrived from the island and reports that the output of the sugar mills is rapidly growing, that in a few years the island will be making more sugar than America will care to import. In view of the rapid increase of manufacture here, and that naturally the European market will be sought. Trade expansion from the western hemisphere is a constant menace to England, and her statesmen are doing everything in their power to turn the balance the other way.—Bay City Tribune.

A cable from Tientsin says that the feeling there is that China is in no wise overawed or repentant. Why should she be? By contrast with the exhibition of morality made by the allied powers at Peking, her evidences of civilization have not suffered. What the boxers, with the possible connivance of the government, did before the siege was matched in barbarity by the conduct of the allied forces afterwards. True, some Chinamen high in station have met death, but that frequently happens at the hands of the Chinese themselves, and for smaller crimes. True, Peking has been laid waste in parts, but any mob might have done as much. What just powerfully effect the Chinese mind is that the court returns to Peking. The Forbidden City has been despoiled and defamed, but the rule of the Empress Dowager has only been disturbed, not broken permanently. The powers set out to free the legations and avowedly to remove the empress from the throne and from all influence on the throne. They have done the one at a cost in money and reputation for fair dealing that is at least as great as the material loss the Chinese have sustained, but they have not done the other. Chinese contempt for all the remainder of the world cannot have been decreased by the stay of the allies in Peking; rather it has been increased. The Chinese now know only that they must hereafter protect the legations or be better prepared than they have been in the past to make war on all the nations at once.—Detroit Journal.

### Congressional Notes.

Gov. Bliss has called a special election Oct. 15, to elect a representative in congress from the Tenth district to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. R. O. Crump. There is no lack of candidates, about 20 thus far scored up for position. Bay county asks for the place again, and the remainder of the district, which has been somewhat restive of late, is disposed to the conclusion that it is about time to give some county other than Bay a show. If the other counties could combine against Bay they might win out, but it would be difficult to secure such action. Of the Bay county candidates, Hon. Devere Hall is said to be far away the ablest and best equipped man for the position.—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

Alpena congressional delegations are tired of sticking to Dufee to the "end," and before Lemuel G. gets that solid delegation he will have to square a dozen postoffice candidates. And as each of the candidates considers himself as big a man as Mr. Dufee, the squaring of the bunch will prove a difficult job. Several of the candidates suspect that Lemuel is in the fight to get that \$2,000 postoffice job again, and if there is to be any trading of Alpena delegates for postoffice jobs several other postoffice candidates want to be considered in the deal.—Alpena Echo.

Hon. Devere Hall states that he will shortly begin an active canvass for the congressional nomination. He remarks that "the opinion seems to prevail that the convention will again select a candidate from Bay county." No doubt the opinion does prevail—in Bay county—and it will continue to do so to the benefit of said county just so long as the outside counties let local jealousies prevent them from uniting on some strong candidate to defeat the metropolis.

Judge Sharpe will go into the convention with more delegates than any other candidate outside of Bay county—a most credible showing for Ogemaw's choice, and a strong argument for the northern counties to unite on him to defeat Bay.—West Branch Herald Times.

While in Bay City last week L. G. Dufee, of Alpena, said to a Tribune representative, "A number of stories are afloat regarding my candidacy but they are untrue. I am in the race to stay and will enter into no combination with anyone. I will go into the convention backed by the solid delegation of Alpena county and they will stick by me to the end." Oh,shaw, Lem, don't take yourself too seriously. The people of the district aren't doing so. Your staying qualities in the last four conventions don't warrant such unqualified statements from you.

#### A Minister's Good Work.

"I had a severe attack of bilious colic, got a bottle Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, took two doses and was entirely cured," writes Rev. A. A. Power, of Emporia, Kan. "My neighbor across the street was sick for over a week, had two or three bottles of medicine from the doctor. He used them for three or four days without relief, then called in another doctor who treated him for some days and gave him no relief, so discharged him. I went over to see him the next morning. He said his bowels were in a terrible fix, that they had been running off so long that it was almost bloody flux. I asked him if he had tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and he said 'No.' I went home and brought him my bottle and gave him one dose; told him to take another in fifteen or twenty minutes if he did not find relief, but he took no more and was entirely cured." For sale by L. Fourrier.

"The Bryan democrats" of Ohio have materialized. They are out in a declaration of principles and an address or official call for all admirers of the Nebraska man to rally to his standard. The call charges that the Ohio convention repudiated the last two democratic platforms and that the action of the convention was the "result of a conspiracy, mapped out at the headquarters in New York," this last being presumably a fling at Tammany. The call concludes in this language: "If the action of this convention stand unrebuked, then it must be understood that the democratic party, as such, has repudiated the principles enunciated in the Kansas City platform and ratified and approved of the course pursued by the republican party upon the money question. If the democratic party abandons the principles laid down in the platforms of 1896 and 1900 then it may as well close its political career, there is little else of importance to fight for."

A number of the leading citizens of Gouwen, Montcalm county, have sent a signed statement to the Detroit News, in which they declare that Bud O'Brien, who was shot at Frederic, July 14th, only met the fate he deserved. They say he was a bad man, Rosecrum News.

# 1-4 OFF!

For the next sixty days we will sell our entire stock of summer and light weight goods at 1-4 off.

**H. JOSEPH.**  
Originator of Low Prices,  
(Opposite Bank.)  
Grayling, Michigan.

#### Additional Local Matter.

Subscribe and pay for the AVA-LANCHE.

The particulars of the death of Alonzo Purchase at Minneapolis last have been received. He was switched in the yard and his right foot caught in the track throwing him onto the track so that his right leg was cut off at the thigh and his body cut in two.

The court house is about ready for the corner-stone which is on the ground. We do not hear that it will be laid with any imposing ceremony, and have not heard what the committee have decided to enclose in its vault. We would suggest that in addition to the usual official documents that the several civic societies, by their secretaries, furnish a list of their officers and members at this date.

Everybody is welcomed to the Revival Meetings now being held in the M. E. Church. The meetings are held on the Church lawn on the hot nights. New songs, bright and inspiring, with forceful expositions of the Word of God, are being presented by different Christian workers. Meetings begin at 7:15 p. m. sharp, this permitting early closing. First fifteen minutes devoted to song service.

Charles Trompley, the chief band sawyer and mechanician in that line for Salling, Hanson & Co., was doing duty here the forepart of the week. The interviewer didn't get any information from Charley further than that the Crump factory buildings afforded immense opportunity for the putting in the later class of machines for the manipulation of timber, now going to the fire consumer, and that the mechanics who fitted the machinery in the factory as it stood did the work capably. Further than these two pointers Charley was a clam.—Ros. News.

W. S. Chalker, Supervisor of Maple Forest, came down Monday with an insane man, who has been at his house several times during the month, but most of the time lying around in the woods, without food and sparsely clothed. About a week ago Mr. Chalker detained him, and in a partly lucid interval learned that his name was John Bravman, that he had a family and home in Bay County, and that he was an old soldier. He was sent to Bay City yesterday, to be cared for by the authorities of the county where he belongs.

The following is an authentic report of the wheat crop on N. Michelson's farm, for this year. The croakers in the state, who call this part worthless, may read. The wheat was sowed September 10th to 15th. It was drilled in, and one 32 acre field was top-dressed with manure, in the winter. It was cut July 12-16th, and hauled from the field to threshing machine July 20-23; one 16 acre field threshed 584 bushels, averaging 36½ bushels per acre; the 32 acre field did not do as well, owing to some hills in the field where the snow did not stay and the wheat was killed out; the field threshed 911 bushels, averaging 28½ bushels per acre.

#### Election Notice.

Michigan Department of State.

LANSING, July 20th, 1901  
To the Sheriff of the County of Crawford:

SIR:—You are hereby notified that the Governor has ordered a special election to be held in the Tenth Congressional District of this state, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of October, nineteen hundred and one, for the purpose of electing a Representative to the Congress of the United States from said district, for the unexpired portion of the term of office, ending the fourth day of March, nineteen hundred and three; to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rousseau O. Crump.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed my official signature and the Great Seal of the State, this twentieth day of July, nineteen hundred and one.  
CHARLES S. PRICE  
Dep. Sec'y of State.

Office of the Sheriff of Crawford Co. Michigan.

To the Electors of the County of Crawford:

You are hereby notified that at the special election to be held on the fifteenth day of October 1901, the following officer is to be elected, viz: A representative to the Congress of the United States, from the Tenth Congressional District, for the unexpired portion of the term of office ending the fourth day of March, 1903, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rousseau O. Crump.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, on the day and date below written.

Dated Grayling, Mich., July 24th, 1901.  
GEO. F. OWEN,  
Sheriff of Crawford County.

#### Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Land Office at Marquette, Mich.,  
June 21st, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the Circuit Court of Crawford County, at Grayling, Mich., on August 20th, 1901, viz: Homestead application No. 9917, John McMaster for the SE¼ of Section 10, Tp. 26 N. R. 1 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Ernest Purchase, of Grayling, John Smith, Conrad Wehnes and Robert Gamney, all of South Branch.

THOMAS SCADDEN,  
Recorder.

#### Detroit Live Stock Market.

M. C. LIVE STOCK YARDS,  
Detroit July 30, 1901.

The demand for live cattle is quiet this week; receipts have been moderate of late. The following prices are being paid at the Detroit Live Stock Market:

Prime steers and heifers \$4.50@5.00; handy butcher's cattle, \$3.90@4.40; common, \$2.75@3.75; canners cows, \$1.50@2.50; stockers and feeders active at \$2.75@4.00.  
Milch cows, steady at \$25.00@45.00; calves, active at \$5.00@25.25.

Sheep and lambs, small receipts and lower; prime lambs \$5.00@5.25; mixed \$3.50@4.50; culls \$1.75@3.50.

Hogs are the leading feature in this market; fair receipts; trade is active at the following prices: Prime mediums \$5.75@5.85; Yorkers \$5.75@5.80; pigs \$5.75@5.80; rough \$5.00@5.05; stags 4 off; cripples, \$1.00 per cwt. off.

ADVERTISERS  
on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St.  
The Advertising Agency of  
**LORD & THOMAS,**

**GO TO**  
**SALLING, HANSON & CO.**  
The leading Dealers in  
**Dry Goods,**  
—AND—  
**Furnishing Goods,**  
**Shoes,**  
**FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,**  
**Hardware,**  
**Tinware, Glassware,**  
**Crockery,**  
**Hay, Grain, Feed**  
—AND—  
**Building Material.**

**Farmers, call,**  
and get prices before disposing  
of your products, and profit thereby  
We sell the Sherwin Williams Paint,  
the peer of all others.

**Salling, Hanson & Company,**  
—DEALERS IN—  
Logs, Lumber and General Merchandise.

**The Final Closing Sale!**

We are compelled to make a still deeper cut in prices, as our time is limited. You will save from 30 to 40 cents on a dollar by buying your supply for Fall and Winter now. Our loss is your gain. We will only mention a few of our bargains, as they are too numerous for this space. Read carefully the following prices:

\$12.00 Men's Overcoats for	\$7.75
10.00 " " " "	5.50
9.00 " " " "	4.75
6.50 " " " "	3.75
4.00 " Suits	8.00
10.00 " " " "	7.00
8.00 " " " "	5.50
2.25 Boys "	1.50
2.00 " " " "	1.25
3.50 " " " "	2.75
5.50 " " " "	4.25
50 and 60 cents Men's Leather Faced Mittens, 38c per pair.	
75 " 80 " " " " 52c "	
\$1.25 " " " " 77c "	
25 and 30 cent " Wool Socks, 19c per pair.	
50 cent " " " " 29c "	
50 and 60 cent Jersey Overshirts, 38c each	
\$1.25 Wool Underwear, 75c each	
50 and 60 cent Wool Underwear, 38c each	
\$1.35 Men's Heavy Rubbers, 90c per pair.	
1.75 " Suag Proof Rubbers, per pair	\$1.25
2.00 " " " " "	1.40
2.25 " " " " "	1.65
2.50 " " " " "	1.75
3.25 " " " " 15 inch Leather Top, per pair,	2.25
3.50 " Rubber Boots, No 1 for	2.50
2.75 Men's Rubber Boots No 2 for	2.00
3.00 Grain Leather Boots for	2.15
2.50 " " " " "	1.65
2.00 Men's Shoe Packs for	1.60
2.50 " " " " "	1.85
1.25 " Ducking Coats for	.79
2.00 " " " " Rubber Lined	1.28
.50 " Caps for	.38
.75 " " " " "	.52
1.00 " " " " "	.77
20c Ladies' Wool Hose, 15c per pair; 30c Children's Wool Hose, 19c per pair; 35c Ladies' Fascinators, 19c; 50c Ladies' Fascinators, 38c. Our best 50 and 60 cent Corsets for 38c; our best \$1.00 Corsets for 76c. Our best 30c Turkey Red Table Linens, 19c per yard; our best 35c Turkey Red Table Linens, 25c per yard; our best 55c Turkey Red Table Linens, oil boiled, 39c per yard. Mackintoshes from 95c up.	
All our Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks, Laces and Ribbons must be sold at any price.	

**R. MEYERS,**  
Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Furnishing  
Goods, Crockery and Tinware.  
The Corner Store. **GRAYLING, Mich.**

**Black Smithing**  
—AND—  
**Wood Work!**

The undersigned has largely added to his shop and is now better than ever prepared to do general repairing in iron or wood.  
**HORSE SHOEING**  
will be given special attention and done scientifically.  
**Reapers and Mowers.**  
I have obtained the agency for the BUCKEYE line of Reapers and Mowers, which are conceded to be the lightest running and most durable machines on the market. Call and examine the late improvements before contracting for machines.  
Prices right for work or stock.  
mar14-ly **DAVID FLAGG.**

**YOU CAN PATENT**  
anything you invent or improve; also get CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch or photo for free examination and advice.  
**FREE BOOK ON PATENTS** sent before patent. Write to  
**C. A. SNOW & CO.**  
Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**MARLIN**  
INTEREST is being displayed in the use of smokeless powders and smokeless bullets for large caliber rifles. A 45 calibre bullet weighing 500 grains gives a shock to large game that the small bore can not obtain. Depend on the Marlin Model 1895 Repeater for Special Smokeless Steel barrels. For up-to-date information see our catalog. Mailed for 3 stamps.  
**THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.**  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS & COPYRIGHTS &c.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether a invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Write to Munn & Co. receive special price without charge. In the  
**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific publication. Sold for \$3 a year; four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office, 635 F St., Washington, D. C.

**AMERICA'S GREATEST WEEKLY**  
**THE**  
**"TOLEDO BLADE,"**  
**TOLEDO, OHIO.**

178,000. Circulation 178,000.  
The Great National Weekly Newspaper of America. The only Weekly edited expressly for every state and territory. The News of the World so arranged that busy people can more easily comprehend, than by reading cumbersome columns of dailies. All current topics made plain in each issue by special editorial matter, written from inception down to date. The only paper published especially for people who do or do not read daily newspapers, and yet thirst for plain facts. That this kind of a newspaper is popular, is proven by the fact that the Weekly Blade now has over 178,000 yearly subscribers, and is circulated in all parts of the U. S. In addition to the news, The Blade publishes short and serial stories, and many departments of matter suited to every member of the family. Only one dollar a year. Write for free specimen copy. Address  
**THE BLADE,**  
Toledo, Ohio

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL**  
"The Niagara Falls Route"  
TIME CARD—GOING NORTH.  
Lv. Grayling. Arr. at Marquette.  
Mackinac Express, 4:45 P. M. 2:15 P. M.  
Marquette Express, 5:00 A. M. 7:00 A. M.  
Way Freight, 9:20 A. M. 6:05 P. M.  
Accommodation, 12:00 M. 3:40 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.  
Lv. Grayling. Arr. at Bay City.  
Detroit Express, 2:10 P. M. 2:15 P. M.  
N. Y. Express, 1:40 A. M. 5:10 A. M.  
Accommodation, 6:10 A. M. 9:50 A. M.

Lewiston Branch.  
Accommodation, 6:30 A. M. 8:15 P. M.  
Or. W. R. 4441 P. S.  
A. W. CAMPBELL, Local Agent.  
GEN. PASS. AGENT.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation. Salary per year, payable weekly; 50 per day absolutely sure and no expenses; straight bonus; 100 per cent commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. Standard House, 321 Pearl Street, Chicago.



# The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1901.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

### TAKE NOTICE.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

Read R. Meyer's new Ad.

Julius Kramer returned from New York, Tuesday.

For Doors, Sash, Glass and Putty go to A. Kraus.

Mrs. Wm. Woodfield returned from West Branch, Tuesday.

Delicious ice-cream at Jensen's, next to the Opera House.

Mrs. A. J. Rose has been spending a few days in Gaylord.

Alabastine in all colors, for sale by Albert Kraus.

R. Meyers left for Chicago and the Pan-American.

Chas. Marvin entertained Mr. McGaughey, of Frederic, last Sunday.

For Fishing Tackles of every description, call at Fournier's Drug Store.

Mrs. Rella Brink and the baby went to the old home, at Bay Port, last week, for a visit.

If you want the best Sewing Machine buy the Singer. Sold on easy payments by A. Kraus.

Joseph Burton has made his resident premises bright as new with fresh paint.

A fine line of Fishing Tackle, for sale at reasonable prices, by Albert Kraus.

County Clerk Colleen and family are taking a little vacation on Portage Lake.

Call on A. Kraus for the Rambler, Clipper, Hudson and Ideal Bicycles, sold on easy payments.

Miss L. E. Williams went to Detroit and Tekonsha, Tuesday on a short business trip.

Gasoline Range, latest invention, for sale cheap, at R. Meyers. Also a wood heating stove cheap.

The families of William, Charles and Geo. McCullough are camping out at Portage.

Peninsular Stoves and Ranges guaranteed the best. Sold by A. KRAUS.

Mrs. C. T. Jerome and Miss Williams spent a few days at Mackinac Island, last week.

Mrs. Charles Trumbley and Miss Ethel took in the excursion to Cheboygan, last Sunday.

Red raspberries are coming into the market and are reported to be a large crop.

For Sale—A good four year old horse, sound and allright. Henry Funck, South Branch.

Kraus & Son were busy, Tuesday carrying shoe boxes into their new store. If they were full of goods, will make a fine stock.

Stops the Cough and works off Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25c.

Miss Josie Jones and Miss Ethlyn McKenney spent a few days at Roscommon and Higgins Lake the first of the week.

If you intend to go fishing, this season, call at Fournier's Drug Store for your tools. He keeps an endless assortment of fishing tackle.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mantz, of Lewiston, stopped over one train on their return from Milwaukee, last week.

Detroit White Lead Works Paints and Varnishes, guaranteed the best in the market, at A. Kraus.

Rev J. E. Somers, of Roscommon, is expected to assist a night or two in the Revival Meetings now in progress. Come and hear him.

Mrs. H. E. Hilliker and Mrs. Lucy Bradshaw, of Bay City, mother and aunt of Mrs. T. A. Carney, came up for a little visit, Monday. They go from here to Mackinac.

To Cure A Cold in One Day take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The masons are started on the second story of the jail and sheriff's residence, the brick work of which will be about completed this week, if it don't rain.

R. Hanson can be credited with laying the first cement walk in Grayling, and his example is being followed by N. P. Olson and N. Michelson.

Ambrose Cross has closed out his business at Millersburg, and returned to Grayling, the best town in the state.

Miss Martha Mantz stopped off here for a visit on her way home to Lewiston, from Milwaukee, where she has been visiting for the past six weeks.

For Sale—40 acre farm with buildings, bearing orchard and water, also 80 acre farm with buildings and water. J. Johnson, Beaver Creek, Wellington P. O.

Mr. Efner Matson and family are enjoying a two weeks visit in the southern part of the state. Chas. Cowell is working in the barber shop during Mr. Matson's absence.

The largest line of Agricultural Implements, including the Ward, Oliver and Greenville Plows, for sale by A. Kraus.

Wanted—Huckleberries and Blackberries for cash; \$2.00 for Huckleberries; crates furnished for Blackberries. J. W. Figg, at C. W. Amundson's.

Presiding Elder Ward preached twice on Wednesday, administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and holding the Quarterly Conference in the M. E. Church.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Broth, and Mrs. Ray Broth and children, of Tonconsha, arrived Tuesday morning, for a week's visit with the family of S. B. Broth, of Beaver Creek.

Mrs. Sadie Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Wisner, arrived Tuesday morning, from Coldwater, also Mrs. Geo. Adams and daughter, sister of Mrs. J. Burton, for a few weeks visit.

What most people want is something mild and gentle, when in need of a physic. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets fill the bill to a dot. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by L. Fournier.

Chas. Kelley, the enterprising merchant from Frederic, was in town, Saturday. He says he is not after congressional honors, but as he favors "expansion" he will erect a large new store building in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jones, with L. T. Wright and wife took a run down the river, Saturday, returning in time for business Monday morning. We have not heard any fish stories but all report an elegant time.

W. J. and E. L. McQueen have suited their coterie into the newspaper arena, and sent out the Hillman Herald, a six column quarto, neat in its make up and well filled with local news. We wish them success.

The M. C. R. R. will give a grand excursion to Bay City and Saginaw, Sunday, August 4, leaving Grayling at 7 o'clock a. m. and returning, leave Saginaw at 7 o'clock p. m. Fare for round trip, Bay City, \$1.25; Saginaw, \$1.40. Bicycles and baby carriages free.

A literary society was organized at the Benedict school house in Beaver Creek, Saturday evening, July 27th, with the following officers: Lewis E. Parker, President; George A. Bellmore, Vice President; Miss Vena Benedict, Secretary.

We were pleased this week by a visit from our whilom "Devil" Burt Thayer, who will be well remembered by our citizens. He has been fairly prosperous in the newspaper world, and having lately sold out his plant in Lenawee county is looking for a new location. We wish him success wherever he goes.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by L. Fournier.

The Epworth League service next Sunday night will be held in the open air and promises an interesting and profitable hour. Addresses from Bros. Plagg and Musgrove on "What we lose, and what we gain in serving Christ." Mrs. Osborne will sing and Miss Hattie Burgess will conduct the Consecration service.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says C. P. M. Holliday, of Deuling, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by L. Fournier.

By the Anderson, Ind., "Daily Bulletin" we notice that our former townsman, N. P. Salling is building a new residence, and that a serious accident happened to two of his carpenters, by the collapse of a scaffold on which they were working, twenty feet from the ground. We expect that when it is finished "Nels" will invite us all to the housewarming.

WANTED—Trustworthy men and women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary \$750 a year and expensing, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Canton Building, Chicago. ap116m

S. S. Claggett and family have been rusticated near Portage Lake, the past week.

"My baby was terribly sick with Diarrhoea," says J. H. Dook, of Williams, Oregon. "We were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure. For sale by L. Fournier.

A fellow about 18 years old, giving the name of Harry Smith, a professional hobo, sneaked a coat and some money from a way car here, last Sunday. Under Sheriff Carney captured the lad at Gaylord, and Justice McElroy said about ninety days in the house of correction would be about the right thing, in default of payment of twenty-five dollars and costs.

### What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble, but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Fournier's drug store.

The Hanson Lumber Company, successor to R. O. Crump & Sons, is very busy making changes toward greater perfection in the factory. The new company has sent on several of the old heads, mechanics, in the confidence of the head of the company, and while no information is being given out, there is an impression on board of our old heads that the new people are going to make that large establishment hum as it never hummed before, and that every possible encouragement ought to be given to them to make the already extensive plant one of the greatest in the state.—Roscommon News.

### ASTONISHED THE EDITOR.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Lenaweeville, S. C. was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Fournier's drug store.

During the Revival Meetings could not our Dry Goods, Grocery and other stores close three nights in the week at 6:30 o'clock? Your employers will not lose any trade, by so doing and if the moral and spiritual tone of your clerks and others is quickened your business will be better and more cheerfully done; people will drink less liquor and spend less liquor money on breadstuffs, dry goods and house furnishings. So it is your advantage to encourage these meetings all you can. They will continue next week so let me press you to close at 6 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. These 13 and 14 hours a day are too hard on men. The people of the trades should not expect storekeepers to work longer hours than the tradesman does. 8 hours work, 8 hours rest and 8 hours recreation may be too idealistic for the present day but surely 10 hours a day is all people should expect of their bodies. Storekeepers will make as much and more if they will combine on the 10 hours a day system. All our department stores, as a rule, close at 6 p. m. with a half holiday Saturday afternoon. If the combines thus keep up money on shorter hours, why can't the smaller stores do so if they agree to? Come out to the Revival Meeting to night and hear the experiences of those who have given their hearts to God. They will tell us "What lead me to give my heart to God." Every one heartily welcomed.

A. O. ALEXANDER, Pastor.

### THEY STRUCK IT RICH.

It was a grand thing for this community that an enterprising firm as L. Fournier secures the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has started the world by its marvelous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee it to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and \$1.00.

E. Peck took a load of our people out to Portage Lake to attend the special services at Ginnabaugh's mill, last Friday evening.

### TO SAVE HER CHILD.

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Gallagher, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklin's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by L. Fournier, druggist.

# FISHING TACKLE!

We have just received the largest and most complete line of Fishing Tackle ever brought to Grayling. Fishing Rods from 10c up.

We handle the best make of Trout Flies, Leaders, Reels, etc., etc. Everything new and up to date. Give us a call, and we will save you money.

## Fournier's Drug Store.

If a Man rides a Bicycle, That's his business.

If a Woman rides a Bicycle, That's everybody's business.

But If you want something Artistic in Photography, THAT'S MY BUSINESS!

IMPERIAL ART STUDIO, Grayling, Michigan.

Dr. Andrew B. Spinney, formerly of Detroit, now proprietor of Reed City Sanitarium will be at Grayling, Mich., R. R. Hotel, Tuesday, August 29th, from 12 o'clock to 2 p. m. He has new and improved methods for treating catarrhs, prostatic, rheumatic, gonorrheal, and also all forms of throat diseases. He also cures the morbid, chronic and acute habits. Special attention given to private diseases of both men and women. He guarantees to cure any case of piles or rupture. Consultation free.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist, WEST BRANCH, MICH.

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Insley.

C. E. WESCOTT, DENTIST, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Office—Over Alexander's law office, on Michigan Avenue. Office hours—8 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 6 p. m.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Default having been made in the conditions for payment of a certain mortgage made by Victoria McCullough, wife of William McCullough, of Grayling, Michigan, to the National Loan and Investment Company, of Detroit, Michigan, dated the First day of October, 1890, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Crawford County, Michigan, in Liber D of Mortgages, on Page 270, on the 6th day of October, A. D., 1894, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of eight hundred forty four dollars and ninety cents (\$844.90) and an attorney's fee of Twenty-five (25) Dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof, or for the foreclosure of said mortgage and said mortgagee hereby electing to declare the whole amount due and payable at once.

Now, THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgagee will sell the premises described in said mortgage at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder therefor, at the front door of the Grand Army Hall, in the Village of Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan, (that being the place for holding the Circuit Court for said County) on the 10th day of October, A. D., 1901, at Ten o'clock (10:00) in the forenoon of said day, or so much of said premises as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs on the date of sale, together with said attorney's fee as aforesaid, and said premises are described as follows: Lot Eight (8) of Block Fifteen (15), of the Village of Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan, according to the recorded plat thereof. Dated July 24th, A. D., 1901.

THE NATIONAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO. OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN, Mortgagees.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER, Att'y. for Mortgagees. July 25th 1901

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. County of Crawford.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the village of Grayling, on Saturday, the sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, John C. Hanson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of Elisha Baker, an incompetent person.

P. M. Hoyt, guardian of said Elisha Baker, comes into Court and represents that he is now prepared to render final account as such guardian.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the fifth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said incompetent person, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court then to be held at the Probate office, in the village of Grayling, in said county to show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered, that said P. M. Hoyt, guardian, give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN C. HANSON, Judge of Probate.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation: \$200 salary per year, payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses straight, honest, definite salary; no commission. Salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. Standard House, 341 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Jan 17-18m

Reliable man for manager of branch office we wish to open in this vicinity. If your record is O. K. here is an opportunity. Kindly give good reference when writing. Illustrated catalogue in stamps. Trust A. T. Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. Feb 21-12c

Teacher's Examination.

A teacher's examination will be held at the G. A. R. Hall, Aug. 15th and 16th.

HENRIETTA COVENTRY, Com'r of Schools.

Wanted:

Reliable man for manager of branch office we wish to open in this vicinity. If your record is O. K. here is an opportunity. Kindly give good reference when writing. Illustrated catalogue in stamps. Trust A. T. Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. Feb 21-12c

# Blumenthal AND Baumgart, \*THE BIG\* One Price For All Store

The Fourth of July has passed, and with it the buying season. To keep the ball rolling and our clerks busy, we have

## Reduced every Article

in our Dry Goods, Ladies' Furnishing Goods, Mens', Boys and Children's Clothing, Gent's Furnishings and Men's, Ladies and Children's Hose departments.

The public is well aware and knows by this time that every word we advertise is the honest truth. We do not believe in advertising one thing and doing another. Our numerous Bargain Sales have proven it.

Call and see us before buying elsewhere.

Respectfully Yours  
**BLUMENTHAL & BAUMGART.**  
Advertisers of Facts.  
The One Price for All Store. Grayling Mich

J. W. SORENSON.  
**Furniture and Carpets.**  
UNDERTAKER.  
GRAYLING, MICH

# Announcement!

We have opened a general store of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, etc., and extend a cordial invitation to the people of Grayling and vicinity to call and examine our stock of

## Entirely New Goods.

Everything is marked in plain figures, and we sell at lowest prices.

All our goods are strictly up-to-date, and we will try and gain your patronage by dealing honestly, and you will receive full value for your money.

We have strictly one price for all.

Respectfully  
**A. KRAUS & SON.**

## AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

IF YOU WANT

A "HARRISON WAGON," "The Best On Wheels,"

OR A

CLIPPER PLOW, or a GALE PLOW, or a HARROW, (Spike, Spring or Wheel.)

CULTIVATOR or WHEEL ROE, Or Any Implement Made

A CHAMPION BINDER, Or MOWER, DAISY HAY RAKE, Or Any Style of CARRIAGE,

Call at the Warehouse in rear of Avalanche Office  
O. PALMER.



# TELEPHONES ON THE FARM.



Telephone companies are not able to keep up with the demand for telephones by farmers. They would make desperate efforts to do so if they could get the material, but all factories are behind the orders. The companies are nursing this rural desire for telephones. They wish the farmer's trade.

It is said that the necessity of meeting this demand is mainly responsible for the recent call for another \$5,000,000 on the stockholders of the Central Union Telephone Company by John I. Sabin, its president. In his circular letter to the stockholders he said: "There is no use crying over spilled milk or abusing one another for things not accomplished. The people of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Iowa want telephone service. Are you giving it with fewer than 70,000 stations? When you have 300,000 exchange stations then you will have a good start, not before. You are not satisfying the public because your system does not reach far enough. There are scores of villages and small towns that, taken as a whole, should have 500,000 telephones in which the Central Union has not a single instrument."

**Pushing Rural Business.**  
According to figures given by S. P. Sheerin, of Indianapolis, in an address at the recent meeting of the Independent Telephone Association of the United States, at Buffalo, the independent companies are more largely engaged in furnishing this kind of service in Indiana than the older company. He said the Central Union, according to its own figures, had 22,000 telephones in the State, while the independent companies had 54,500. It is probable that the reason the independent companies have more telephones in the rural districts is because that was a field not cultivated by the Central Union when it was alone in the telephone business in this State. The new companies were quick to get into the neglected field, and they are cultivating it well. No exact figures have been gathered

by the companies showing the relative number of farmers now using the telephones at their homes. At the present rate of construction it will be possible, before the end of the year, to talk by telephone to 1,000 farmers in Marion County. There are telephones in the houses of 1,200 to 1,400 Boone County farmers, and probably in those of an equal number in Hendricks County. There is farm service from nearly all the city and town exchanges in the gas belt. It is probable that there are farmhouse telephones in seventy of the ninety-two Counties of the State.

In some instances there are small systems where three or four farmers each get a \$10 telephone outfit, use the wire fences for lines of communication and thus are restricted to conversations among themselves. Such a system is used just outside the limits of this city, where six families of one name on adjoining farms have this easy communication, without another. There is no "exchange." One ring calls one of them, two rings call another, and so on to six rings. In more pretentious systems the wires are strung on bean poles or fence posts from farm to farm, and an exchange is established with switching facilities. The companies are discouraging crude equipment, however, and these home-made lines are thus only used for strictly local purposes. The companies will not connect their lines with them. They say a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and they will not have the general service impaired by a weak part of it.

Here are some things Mr. Sheerin said in his Buffalo address: "The telephone is a greater boon to farmers than any other class. The great drawbacks to country life are its isolation, meager opportunities for social intercourse and fewer opportunities for protection. If the farmer is out of touch with the market the telephone brings his car close to it; the weather report is brought to his door to protect his crops and his cattle; the telephone saves his horses weary miles of travel to transact his every-day business."

**Good Lines Desirable.**  
The farmer should not put up cheap grounded telephone lines on native poles 300 to 400 feet apart, marring the landscape. The poorly constructed telephone line is worse than no telephone. The line should be regarded as part of the road itself and equally for the purpose of facilitating messages. The telephone is a messenger—it is a troop of messengers. It should be as free from interruption on the highways of a country as the bearer of a writ of habeas corpus. There is no way by which messages can be transmitted with so little wear and tear to the roadway. "The time is not far off when telephone lines will be looked on as sacred property. In some respects the tele-

phone is the most important use of the highway. Trees should give way to the telephone, as they have to the making of roads. Where telephones run, trees should be set back 25 to 30 feet. The country telephone lines should be of the best material, on well-shaped poles at least 25 feet high and six inches in diameter. As time passes, poles will probably be shortened and the wires be as near the ground as electrical conditions will permit, except at road crossings.

"Many small exchanges are preferable to fewer large ones. Village exchanges should have connection with town exchanges and country seat exchanges, and these with city and long-distance exchanges, so that the farmer may speak to anybody anywhere. For this he ought to have not only a good equipment, but even a better equipment than any one else. His line should not consist of worn-out or old material from town and city lines. He is much more dependent on good service than the city man."

Telephone rates to farmers as a rule are lower than the city charges. The companies say the construction cost of the country lines is much less. In this county the farmer gets his telephone for \$18 a year and this entitles him to free service in the city and outside it within the county. Take the New Augusta exchange as illustration. Of 75 patrons, 50 are farmers, the most distant from the town living five miles out. In addition to having quick communication with 49 other farmers he may order his groceries at five or six stores, call two or three doctors or a veterinary surgeon, ring up two butchers and consult with a justice of the peace. These are all within easy reach at New Augusta. So are two sawmills, one grist mill and a blacksmith shop. So if he wants to borrow from his neighbors or to get harvest help he may know without leaving his house whether he may get them. He can call to his blacksmith or his barber. "Anything ahead of me," and when there isn't hitch up his Maud S. and "be there in a minute." Or he may mount his bicycle or jump on the interurban car—when the Indianapolis & Logansport Rapid Transit Company gets down to business. Calling up the post-office if he hasn't rural delivery, he may save valuable time on harvest days, by saying: "This is Gilmore; any mail for me to-day?" In an emergency the telephone connection with the doctor's will require him perhaps for the year's charges (telephone charges).

**Thief-Catching by Telephone.**  
The "protection" aspect of the telephone was well illustrated near New Augusta. The News, not long ago, told of a farmer near that town who woke up at night in time to see two chicken thieves drive out of the barn lot. He isn't hitch up his Maud S. and "be there in a minute." Or he may mount his bicycle or jump on the interurban car—when the Indianapolis & Logansport Rapid Transit Company gets down to business. Calling up the post-office if he hasn't rural delivery, he may save valuable time on harvest days, by saying: "This is Gilmore; any mail for me to-day?" In an emergency the telephone connection with the doctor's will require him perhaps for the year's charges (telephone charges).

The manager of one of the local companies was asked if it was doing anything in this line and answered: "Yes, we are now working in the north and northwest part of the County, in the west and northwest besides the east and southeast and south and southwest sections." It is said that this pretty generally reflects the general situation with all the companies over the State.

So with good roads, scientifically built, for either his pleasure or work; with the bicycle ready on the back porch, with the trolley cars whizzing past the house, the rural mail delivery to bring him his daily newspaper and the telephone to keep him in instant touch with the markets, the farmer has to pinch himself occasionally to see if he really is a farmer and not the bustling resident of a metropolis. Indianapolis News.



guessed they were chicken thieves, and former experiences made it 100 to 1 that he was right. He was. He stood a poor chance of catching them, so he called up his neighbor a mile down the road the wagon took, and asked him to hustle out on the highway with his two sons and three shotgun while he would call up some other neighbors, and the posse would soon be in pursuit. The thieves were captured and punished, the chickens were recovered and the community relieved of a nuisance.

A man at Valley Mills had a young horse he valued at \$1,000. It took suddenly sick at night, and before he could come to Indianapolis for a veterinary surgeon and take him to the farm the animal died. "I would have given \$500 if I had had a telephone," he said. He talked about his loss among his neighbors; they had a fellow-feeling, and there is going to be a telephone exchange there, with lines to farmers' houses roundabout. One has recently been put in at Cumberland; others are scheduled for Acton and Clermont. In Perry and Decatur townships, in this County, and in White River Township, in Johnson County, gangs of workmen are now busy putting up country telephone lines.

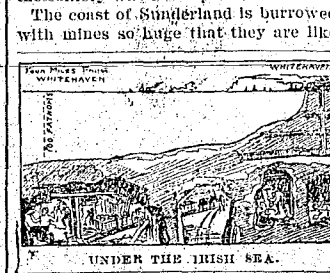
The manager of one of the local companies was asked if it was doing anything in this line and answered: "Yes, we are now working in the north and northwest part of the County, in the west and northwest besides the east and southeast and south and southwest sections." It is said that this pretty generally reflects the general situation with all the companies over the State.

## MINES UNDER THE SEA.

Coal Veins that Have Been Followed Under the Ocean—A Risky Business.

In various parts of Great Britain coal pits extend for a considerable distance under the sea. The most remarkable of these submarine mines is at Whitehaven. For no less than four miles under the Irish Sea and at a depth of about one hundred fathoms, a great tunnel has been hewn out. Hundreds of miners work day and night in the pitch black "galleries" with a world of water high above their heads. It is a remarkable fact that long before gas was used as an illuminant the then manager of this submarine mine, which already in those days stretched for a quarter of a mile under the sea, proposed to the authorities at Whitehaven to lay pipes from the town to the pit in order to light the streets by means of the natural gas which the mine produced.

Whitehaven's thriving neighbor, Workington, also possessed an underground mine, but one day the enormous pressure of water broke in the roof. Thirty-six miners were drowned, and the colliery was destroyed. The coast of Sunderland is burrowed with mines so large that they are like



veritable cities under the ocean. The most famous of these is the Monk Wearmouth Colliery, the principal seam of which lies at the enormous depth of 1,710 feet below the German Ocean. One hundred thousand pounds were spent in finding that seam. At a depth of 330 feet water poured into the workings at the rate of 3,000 gallons per minute, and a 200-horse power pumping engine had to be fixed up. The ocean is also undermined off Ryhope and Seaham.

The Earl of Kincardine owned a wonderful coal pit at Borrowstones. It is about this mine that a famous geologist, after a first visit, writes as follows: "While the pitmen, by the dim shafts of their lamps, make the deep caverns resound with the blows of their pickaxes, ships driven by a fair wind sail over their heads, and the sailors, rejoicing at the beautiful weather, express their joy in song."



"But at another time a storm arises; the horizon is in flames, the thunder roars, the sea rages, the colossal tremble; then the pitchy, unconscious of the terrible scene, calmly pursue their labors and think with pleasure of their homes, while the ship above is shattered to pieces and sinks."

A well-known geologist told a representative of the Daily Mail the following amusing story: "I was one of a little party who spent a most interesting, if rather thrilling, day in the copper mine off promontory of Botallack, near Cape Cornwall. The workings go down to a depth of 1,500 feet below the sea level, and extend 2,245 feet under the Atlantic Ocean."

"During our submarine peregrinations I noticed what looked like a plug in the low roof, and was investigating its character, when a mine official rushed up and excitedly exclaimed: 'Don't pull out that peg; you'll let in the Atlantic! Need I add that I left the plug carefully alone?'"

Only a crust of the sea floor was between the miners of Botallack and the raging waves above. The water oozed through the ceiling. When a storm prevailed the sounds that filled the pit were terrifying. The boulders in the bottom of the sea overhead rolled with a noise like thunder, while the ceaseless grinding of the pebbles and the crash of the waves, brought home to the miners in a way that no one else ever experienced the full terrors of a storm at sea. "More than once," says an official who worked in the mine, "we retreated in affright, doubting the protection of our working shield."

Botallack is now closed, though the mine exists for those daring enough to explore it.

**HISTORY RECORDED IN OUR CLOTHING.**  
Have you ever wondered what the curious nick in your collar meant? It is said to date back to Napoleon's time.

and to have originated in the fact that partisans of Gen. Moreau's disfigured their military uniforms by cutting the collar. The coat collar thus cut forms the letter "M." The two buttons at the back of your coat are relics of feudal times, when they were worn to support the sword-belt.

The opportunities to be found in a large city, which you so often hear about, are only opportunities for buying more board and more car fare.

What has become of the old-fashioned child that cried so hard that it held its breath?

Few people have a better excuse for getting married in haste than a widow with little children.

Even the homely girl will be a pretty old one if she lives long enough.

## "THE OTHER WOMAN."

To Her Pierre Lorillard Left a Hand-some Share of His Estate.

It has become the rule rather than the exception that the wills of men of great wealth are contested by the natural heirs, who are disappointed with the shares bequeathed them or indignantly at the provision made for some person or persons whom they consider as having no moral or equitable right to share in the estate. Unfortunately in many instances these contests are accompanied by revelations of discreditable chapters in the lives of the testators, which during their lives have been sealed books to the general public.

The will of the late Pierre Lorillard, who died recently leaving an estate of \$4,000,000, is to be contested because of a handsome bequest to Mrs. Lillie Allen, who was not a relative, but who was the friend and companion of Mr. Lorillard for several years just preceding his demise.

To his widow Mr. Lorillard bequeathed an annuity of \$50,000. To two grandsons he left \$800,000. The balance of the estate, excepting the famous Rameocas stock farm in New Jersey, is left in trust to his three children, they to have the income; the estate to go to his grandchildren on the death of their parents. The stock farm, valued at \$200,000, is bequeathed to Mrs. Allen.

It is not the mere matter of money which inclines the Lorillard heirs to



contest the will. Mrs. Lorillard's son and daughters are determined that what they consider her rights shall be upheld. They object to any recognition of the other woman.

Mrs. Allen, Mr. Lorillard's friend-ship for whom is declared to have been a scandal at Newport by his daughter's husband, is a beautiful woman, tall, with a charming figure and great brown eyes. She is about 33 years of age. In 1891, when she was Lillian Barnes, she met Mr. Lorillard and he was captivated by her beauty. Soon afterwards she went on a long cruise with him, and from that time forward they were rarely separated. She was the ruler of his yacht and presided at his table when he entertained. "Doubts from his family were of no avail."

Four or five years ago Lillian convinced Mr. Lorillard that she should wed. An Englishman, Lewis Allen, little known in New York, became her husband. The ceremony that gave Lillian Barnes the name of Allen was performed in a New York church. Pierre Lorillard was present and it is said gave the bride to the husband. Some servants acted as audience and witnesses.

When the ceremony ended the bride coolly nodded adieu to her husband at the church door. She spoke to him as one who addresses an ordinary acquaintance. In truth she did not know him very well. Mrs. Allen entered Mr. Lorillard's carriage and was driven away. Allen caught a train for the West and, it is reported, he has obligingly died.

Mrs. Allen lives at No. 11 West 31st street, the home which Lorillard gave her years ago. Her father lives with her. Here Mr. Lorillard, being estranged from his wife, lodged whenever he was in the metropolis. Mrs. Allen was abroad eight months with Lorillard when his health was failing, and she accompanied him when he came home to die. She was with him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when he died. Mrs. Lorillard was notified that her husband was dying and wanted to see her. The family are divided in their statement as to whether Mrs. Lorillard went to the hotel. "It is generally believed," she answered her dying husband's summons, that she met Mrs. Allen and that a painful scene ensued.

While the stock farm is all that Mrs. Allen receives by her admirer's will, it is claimed that he had provided for her very liberally during the years they were together, presenting her with whole blocks of stocks and bonds. Her jewels are among the finest in New York.

Mrs. Allen feels no doubt that the courts will uphold her rights in the will. She has stated that she and Mr. Lorillard were merely good friends and companions, and that they never met until after Lorillard and his wife were estranged.

**Machine Threads Needles.**  
A little machine which threads 1,000 needles a minute is in Minneapolis. It was seen by L. S. Donaldson, of Minneapolis, in St. Gall, Switzerland, on a recent visit, and he had it sent to his place of business in Minneapolis, merely as an exhibit. The purpose of the machine is to thread needles that are placed afterward in an embroidery loom for making the Swiss or Hamilton lace. The device is almost entirely automatic. It takes the needle from a hopper, carries it along and threads, ties the knot, cuts the thread off a uniform length, then carries the needle across an open space and sticks it in a rack. The work of threading these needles was formerly done by hand, and by the hand to a thousand a minute by machinery is an index of the progress of the Swiss republic.—Chicago Journal.

Every one in the world has kin that become a problem at a time of a wedding or a party.

Osulation is apt to make a bit with a miss.

Let Off Cheaply.  
It is said that Gladstone one day said to the witty Father Time: "When I was in Italy the other day I saw a notice in one of your churches to the effect that a plenary indulgence could be had for a sum of about 30 shillings. How do you explain that?"

"If," answered the father, "my church were prepared to give you a plenary indulgence for all the sins you have been guilty of for 30 shillings I think you would be left off uncommonly cheap."

## FLASHES OF FUN.

May—Charles Stubbins is a good dancer in his way. Sue—Yes, and in everybody else's way.—Philadelphia Record.

Lady (to departing servant)—What shall I say in your reference? Servant—Just that I stood it for six months with you, mum—that'll do for me.—Tit-Bits.

Mamma—Bessie, did you give the goldfish fresh water this morning, as I told you? Bessie (aged 4)—No, mamma, they hadn't drunk hardly any of the other yet.

Patience—What is good to reduce flesh? Patrice—Well, I had a friend who bought a bicycle, and she told me she fell off a little every day.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Paradoxical Talesman: Judge—Have you formed any opinion on this case? Wouldleigh Juror—No, sir; I haven't mentioned it to my wife.—Stuart Set.

First Office Boy—I've got sixteen aunts, two grandmothers and a great grandmother. Second Office Boy—Gee! What a lot of ball games you oughter see dis summer.

"Harry," said his mother, "don't throw away that nice bread. You may need it some day." "Well," replied the little fellow, "if I keep it till then it won't be fit to eat."

"I understand that Fraillman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will." "Well, what is there outrageous about that? She's dead, isn't she?"—Richmond Dispatch.

It—These seaside resorts are all alike—a soapbox hotel, a stretch of sand, and a lot of bleached blondes. She—Yes. And occasionally some miserable apology for a man.—Exchange.

"Oh, you cruel boy," to take those eggs out of the nest! "Think of the poor mother bird when she comes—" "The mother bird's dead, miss." "How do you know that?" "I see it in your hat!"—Punch.

"She caught a thief in the house and chased him four blocks," said the admiring friend. "Isn't it strange," replied the sarcastic rival, "how some girls are always after the men?"—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Sharpe (severely)—Nora, I can find only seven of these plates. Where are the other five? Cook (in surprise)—Sure, mum, don't ye make no allowances for ordinary wear and tear?—Puck.

A little 3-year-old miss one day discovered a neighbor's chickens scratching in the back yard and, calling to her mother, said: "Oh, mamma, Mrs. Smith's chickens are wiping their feet on our grass."

Hence the Term: Clarence—Why do you say the wedding was patriotic? Algernon—Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue.—Baltimore World.

Lawyer—You would say, then, that Mr. Whyte is a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity? Witness—Yes, sir, I presume that if anybody asked me to, I should; but I have known him to lie sometimes.—Somerville Journal.

Downie (referring to the pleasant-faced lady who has just passed)—Ah, my boy, I owe a great debt to that woman. Dorking—Indeed! She's not your mother, is she? Downie—No, my landlady.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Little Tommy—Mamma, that was good beef we had for dinner. Where did you get it? Mamma—That wasn't beef, my son. It was roast pork. Little Tommy—Then why didn't you tell me before? You know I don't like pork.

"Mamma," said 4-year-old Willie, "I wish I had a velocipede." "Well," she replied, "why don't you ask papa to buy you one?" "I'd rather you would ask him, mamma," replied the little diplomat. "You've known him longer than I have."

"My good little man," said the visiting pastor, "I am afraid you've been fighting. A black eye. Don't you want me to apply some ointment?" "No, sir," said the good little man, "run home and play with your own kid. He's got two black eyes."—Philadelphia Press.

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple? Five-year-old—Yes, papa. Papa—The careful now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her, I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma? Five-year-old—Papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.—Tit-Bits.

"I've saved a heap of time," said Meandering Mike, complacently. "By hurrying?" asked Flooding Pete, apprehensively. "Yes," said Mike, "I cut it easy. Instead of plugging away, I started to get going by giving it away. I started out poor in de first place an' have left me own manfully ever since."—Washington Star.

Convincing His Chum: Johnny (in the garden)—Father! father! look out of the window. Father putting out his head—What a nuisance you children are.—What do you want now?

Johnny (with a triumphant glance at his playfellow)—Tommy! Brooks wouldn't believe you'd got no hair on the top of your head.—Tit-Bits.

He Won the Garment: A man carried a pair of pantaloons back to his tailor and said: "I cannot wear these pants; they are tighter than my skin." The tailor said: "I guess not. If you will prove that they are tighter than your skin, I will make you a new pair for nothing." The man replied: "I can sit down in my skin, but I cannot in those pantaloons."—Tit-Bits.

Let Off Cheaply.  
It is said that Gladstone one day said to the witty Father Time: "When I was in Italy the other day I saw a notice in one of your churches to the effect that a plenary indulgence could be had for a sum of about 30 shillings. How do you explain that?"

"If," answered the father, "my church were prepared to give you a plenary indulgence for all the sins you have been guilty of for 30 shillings I think you would be left off uncommonly cheap."

Let Off Cheaply.  
It is said that Gladstone one day said to the witty Father Time: "When I was in Italy the other day I saw a notice in one of your churches to the effect that a plenary indulgence could be had for a sum of about 30 shillings. How do you explain that?"

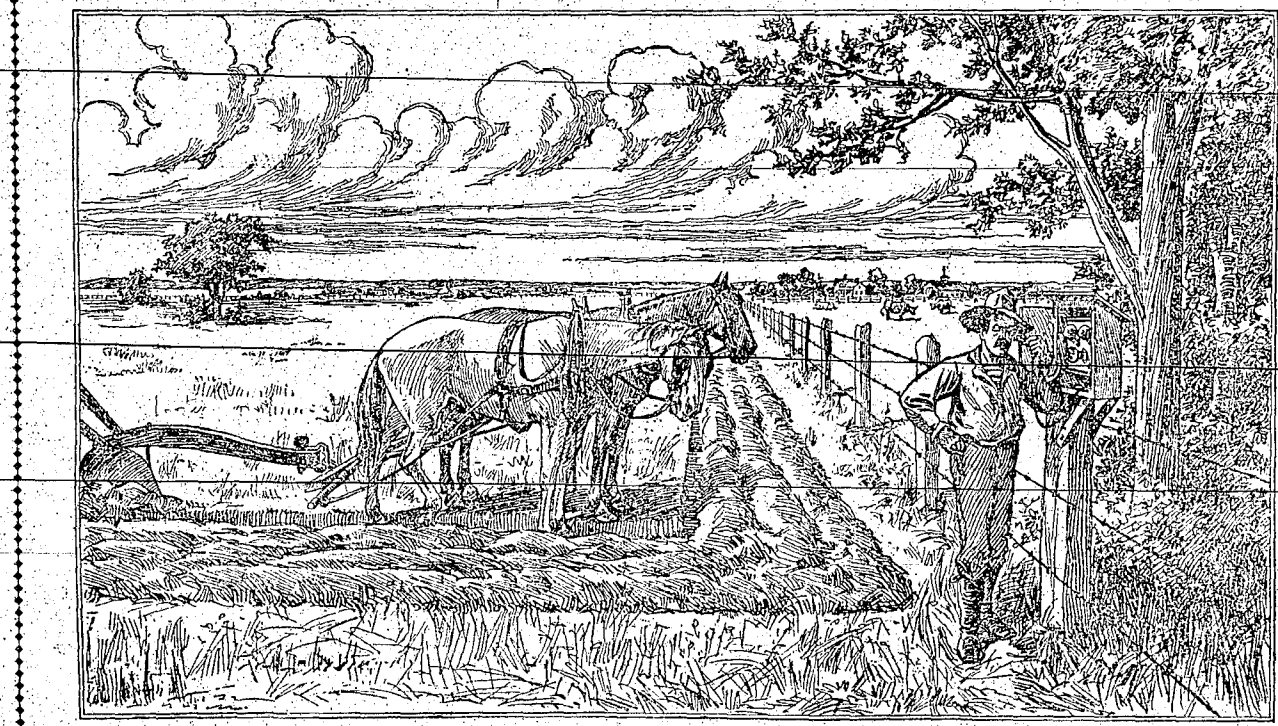
"If," answered the father, "my church were prepared to give you a plenary indulgence for all the sins you have been guilty of for 30 shillings I think you would be left off uncommonly cheap."

Let Off Cheaply.  
It is said that Gladstone one day said to the witty Father Time: "When I was in Italy the other day I saw a notice in one of your churches to the effect that a plenary indulgence could be had for a sum of about 30 shillings. How do you explain that?"

"If," answered the father, "my church were prepared to give you a plenary indulgence for all the sins you have been guilty of for 30 shillings I think you would be left off uncommonly cheap."

Let Off Cheaply.  
It is said that Gladstone one day said to the witty Father Time: "When I was in Italy the other day I saw a notice in one of your churches to the effect that a plenary indulgence could be had for a sum of about 30 shillings. How do you explain that?"

"If," answered the father, "my church were prepared to give you a plenary indulgence for all the sins you have been guilty of for 30 shillings I think you would be left off uncommonly cheap."



WIRE FENCE TELEPHONE—A CALL TO DINNER.

## IS LAKE ERIE DRYING UP?

Startling Report Which Comes from a Government Official.

Tradition has it that once upon a time, for a single day, since civilization obtained a footing on this continent, the bed of the Niagara River was dry—and the cliffs down which the mighty waters have since plunged without cessation stood forth naked and black and frowning and grim. The phenomenon was explained on natural grounds. The same things may happen again under similar circumstances, though such an occurrence would attract more wondering visitors than does the great cataract now as it roars and surges and flashes in the sunlight from century to century. It must suggest to most people a surprise of hardly less degree to be informed that Lake Erie is in danger of becoming so shallow as to offer obstacles to navigation. We can conceive of the Niagara being diminished at its source, but few have ever dreamed that the vast expanse of water which furnishes it its current would ever perceptibly shrink.

That is the startling report, however, that the chief engineer of the Marine Department of Canada has made. He has returned to Ottawa from a tour of inspection of the upper lakes, and states that Lake Erie is lower than was ever known to be the case before. This condition, he thinks, is due to a series of dry seasons, to the drain made by the power development works at

Niagara Falls and to the fact that dredging the Tonawanda canal has made it easier for water to escape from the lake. He considers it imperative that the United States government adopt remedial measures at an early date, else navigation upon its present basis will be seriously interfered with.

He offers no suggestions as to what remedies should be applied. The seasons are not likely to remain always dry, though when a body of water like this great inland sea is appreciably affected it is about the most startling commentary yet noted upon the policy of stripping the country of its natural resources in the forests of the Northwest. Lake Erie at best is one of the shallowest of the great lakes. There are three divisions in its floor, increasing its depth toward its outlet. The upper portion has a level floor with an average depth of about 30 feet. The middle portion, taking in the principal part of the lake, has a mean depth of from 60 to 70 feet. The lower portion varies from 60 to 240 feet. These measurements were taken a number of years ago and are not applicable to the reduced depth that has been reported.

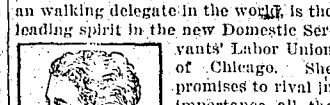
The area of the lake is 20,000 square miles, or more by nearly a fourth than that of the State of Massachusetts. But it drains only a narrow margin of country around it and receives no rivers of importance. The Manicouegui, the largest on the American side. It is more than 300 feet higher than Lake Ontario. It is one of the most important factors in our system of lake navigation and furnishes business for many flourishing towns and cities. The present report concerning it may be a false alarm, a passing sensation, though we do not expect representations for the sake of sensation from scientific gentlemen in government service. No harm can come from a careful investigation of the conditions, to say the least.—Boston Transcript.

## WOMAN WALKING DELEGATE.

Miss Ellen Lindstrom of the Domestic Union, in Chicago.

Miss Ellen Lindstrom, the only woman walking delegate in the world, is the leading spirit in the new Domestic Servants' Labor Union of Chicago. She promises to rival in importance all the high dignitaries of the men's labor unions. Miss Lindstrom, by a word, will be able to make Chicago—or a big part of it—do as she pleases.

MISS LINDSTROM, without meals or else do the cooking for itself. She represents the Scandinavian element in the new domestics' union, but she has no preference for her countrywomen in the matter of leadership. Irish, English, German and Scandinavian, all will have an equal chance of coming to the front as leaders of the women, if Miss Lindstrom is to have her way. She is an unusually intelligent woman,



who knows the rights of her fellow laborers, and whose flashing eye is an indication that she can fight to the last ditch and inspire others to fight with her.

**Value of the Apple Crop.**  
Wheat is a great crop in the United States, but there are several others that beat it in value, and among them is the apple crop. As nearly as statistics can give it, the apple crop of 1900 was 215,000,000 barrels, and \$2 a barrel is a fairly moderate average to put upon them. That would yield \$430,000,000, or 50 per cent more than the wheat crop, which was rated at a little more than \$200,000,000. American exported 4,000,000 barrels of apples last year, and as they learn to care for apples as they do for other fruit they will export still more. Apples selected for quality, size and soundness, carefully wrapped in paper, as oranges are, and boxed like that fruit, will bring fancy prices when apples are scarce and will prove as paying an investment as any fruit that can be put up. Abroad, all over Europe, American apples bring \$1 a barrel when they are selling here at \$2, and of course, they retail for a very much larger sum. Orchard owners in this country have just begun to learn what may be done in the apple way.

**Public Expenditures in Mexico.**  
The Mexican army of more than 25,000 men is supported upon a pittance more than 1,000,000 Mexican dollars a month. The Mexican congress does not cost \$1,000,000 a year.



## WOOD SCENTS.

Oh! the pearly scent,  
And the broken sassafras,  
And the snappy pawpaw blent  
With the mint of the meadows!  
You can have your smell of roses  
In the city garden close;  
But for me—well, thank you, I'll take  
Perfumes with the country Jake.

Ah, this good-woody smell  
Draws me back to boyhood days,  
When I used to dream and daze  
Where the misty meadows haze  
Fashioned mighty towers and castles  
And the bees were all my vassals,  
Bringing honey for my mouth,  
With the savor of the south!

Let me stay here, let me lie  
Here along the forest edge,  
Not a wall to shut the sky  
From my vision, nor a ledge  
Save the cliffs of yonder river  
Where the willows wave and quiver;  
Let me smell the woods and make  
Believe I'm still a country Jake.  
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## A BERKSHIRE-GHOST STORY

**T**IMOTHY DOLE, or "Old Tim Dole," as he was called by his associates, was a great and powerful blacksmith in a quiet little village among the Berkshire Hills.

Tim was an honest, hard working, kind-hearted man, and a great favorite with all the country people for miles around, in spite of his being morbidly superstitious and a firm believer in spirit-rapping, haunted houses and ghosts.

Tim's dearest friend, farmer John Davis, or "Honest John," as he was everywhere known, was always chiding Timothy about his belief, or, as John would put it, his "foolishness."

Still, whenever they had an hour to spare, they were sure to get together, and the talk always turned to "ghosts" and "spirit-rappings."

All through the winter months they were much together. It was Tim's delight to close his shop early and drop to his friend's house and spend the long, cozy evenings by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen, expounding his favorite views on spiritualism.

Although John Davis professed to be an unbeliever in spiritualism, and was known as "Honest John," he could vouch for more blood-curdling ghost stories and thrilling adventures than any other man about the country; and Tim was an earnest listener.

One of their most horrible tales, horrible for a "true story," was about a haunted house, of course, haunted by a headless ghost. The old house still stood in the neighborhood, but no living being could occupy it, for whenever the housewife attempted to prepare the morning meal, there always appeared beside the kitchen stove a man without a head, but with a scoured and bloody neck. It was most horrible! There was only one cause for such a ghost-murder.

Years ago, the story ran, a terrible crime had been committed there; a most brutal murder it was too. A simple, honest peddler, who merely sought a night's repose beneath that humble roof, had been beheaded with an axe while awaiting his breakfast. Then the fiend who did the awful deed escaped by stealing a horse from the barn behind the house.

The years had come and gone, and the murderer had not been found, and to this very day no one had yet been able to live in that house, or even use the barn. The horses stabled in that barn, no matter how securely fastened, would become untied during the night by some mysterious hand, and scampers wildly away, even when strong ropes or heavy iron chains were used.

John Davis had never fastened a horse there himself, but his father, who had been a very religious and just man, had often tried to do so, in years gone by, without avail.

Even John's own mother, who had been a noble Christian woman, and actually seen the headless man sitting beside the fire in that old haunted house upon two different occasions, and although John said he did not believe the tale himself, he always added, when telling it—

"And father's word was as good as Bible truth," and "Everybody knew that mother could not lie!"

And Tim believed it all, and would hardly have ventured home at night if he had not had his horse with him to keep him company.

Now it happened that as these two old men would often meet and tell their tales, they sometimes had a listener, a young man who loved humor, and occasionally dropped in to hear their stories. His name was George Cowee. He was a slender youth with much learning and refinement. He was a nephew of Deacon Cowee, a wealthy farmer living a short distance from the Davis place.

He always agreed with Tim, but he had no more faith in "Tim's views" than John himself, but he liked Tim, and he liked to hear him talk. It was very amusing.

The night before Christmas he happened into John's kitchen, and there he found Tim who, as usual, was telling about "the dead coming back" and "communicating with their friends by rapping on the pans," and as usual John loudly declared it was all "bosh" and "nonsense."

Tim had just been down to the city, where he had attended a full-fledged spiritual meeting, and he was stronger in his belief than ever, and had many wonderful things to relate.

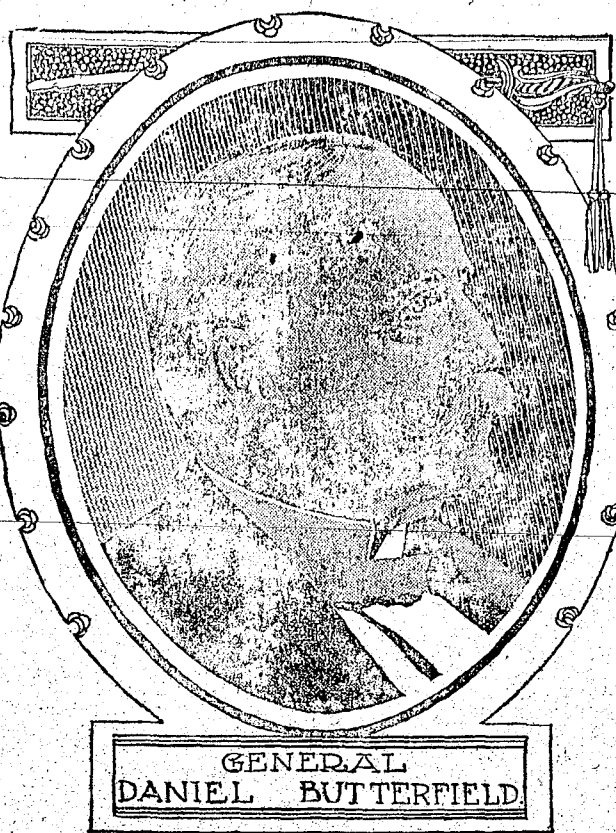
When George Cowee arose to go that night he said to them:

"I am going away to-morrow, out West. Then he added mischievously, while looking at John, 'I'll let you know if I through the spirit. I will rap on the headboard of your bed at night, and spirits are always around at night, and I shall call very softly, so that you will know that it is I, George Cowee, and no matter what it is, you must hasten here to John's house and tell him. I am sure that if he believes it he will at once be converted to your views.'"

Just then an old clock upon the kitchen shelf struck ten, and the young man added:

"Ah, John, that you may also know

## CIVIL WAR HERO GONE.



GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

The recent death of Gen. Daniel Butterfield at his country home in New York takes from the muster rolls of the Civil War almost the last of the surviving general officers of the volunteer army. He was never a soldier of surpassing genius or achievements, but his patriotism was unquestioned and his services to his country were important and long continued. From the time when, as Colonel of a New York regiment, he volunteered to drill the home guard organized for the defense of the national capital until the final surrender of Lee, he was almost continuously in active service, taking part in twenty-eight battles, being twice severely wounded, and three times brevetted for bravery. When the war was over Gen. Butterfield held commission as a Major General of volunteers, and also held a brevet of the same rank in the regular army. Though he retired from the army in 1869 to take up large responsibilities in civil life, he never lost his strong patriotism and his military spirit. When the Spanish-American war broke out he strongly urged upon the Secretary of War the advisability of calling out the members of the Grand Army post to which he belonged, the members of which were ready to fight again for the country they had once defended. Though not a graduate of West Point, he was by nature and training a soldier, and his body was buried in the national cemetery on the Hudson, where sleep so many gallant soldiers.

that I have passed away, I will ring that clock. I will ring it for an hour, and wake you and your wife up, and keep you awake the whole time." George Cowee was only jesting, and he smiled as he made the old man good-by. The next day he went West.

Weeks and months went by, and nothing was heard from him.

It was now the beginning of May. As there was much horsehoes to be done in the springtime, Tim was kept very busy. John Davis was also hard at work. On Tuesday, May 4, John had plowed all day, and when night came he was unusually tired, and went early to bed.

In the middle of the night he and his wife were awakened by the striking of the clock in the kitchen. They thought it was 12 o'clock, but the clock did not stop when it had struck twelve, but struck on and on.

"What in thunder ails that clock?" he exclaimed, and he got up and went into the kitchen. He shook the old clock, but it would not stop ringing. He took it down from the shelf and laid it on its back upon the kitchen table, but he could not stop it from striking. It rang fully an hour, until John was tempted to throw it out into the yard; then it ceased as suddenly as it began, and was as quiet as a mouse.

"The old clock is worn out!" John said. "I must get another one," and he returned to his bed and slept.

It was barely daylight when he heard a team driving into his yard. Going to the door he beheld his old friend Tim. Tim was all excitement and his voice trembled as he called out to John from his buggy:

"Did your clock ring in the night last night?"

"Well, yes," John answered, "but how did you know that?"

Tim cried:

"Don't you remember George Cowee, and what he told us about his spirit manifesting itself to us? If you don't I do, and I am sure George Cowee is dead!"

"Nonsense!" John cried; "the young rascal is probably alive and kicking!" "Nonsense or no nonsense," Tim said, "I believe he is dead, for all night I could not sleep. About 12 o'clock, when I was thinking about the spirits, there came a rap upon the headboard of my bed, faintly at first, and then when I asked if it was George Cowee's spirit, such a thumping and bumping you never heard. It was louder than a bass drum. As soon as daylight I made haste to come to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John; "you had the nightmare, sure enough," he said. But Tim sadly shook his head. He knew it was the "spirits."

"Come down to my shop this afternoon, and we will talk about it," Tim said, and he drove away.

That afternoon John went down to the shop.

"Not because I want to talk about ghosts," he said, "but to have Tim put a new shoe on my mare."

As Tim worked on the mare's foot they fell to talking, and naturally the conversation drifted to the strange events of the previous night.

Before they had finished talking about the rappings on Tim's headboard Mr. Maxon, the station agent, came into the shop, and he held in his hand a folded paper.

"I have your wagon out here, Mr. Davis," he said, "and I thought if you were going right home I could get you to deliver this message that has just come for Deacon Cowee."

"Certainly I will deliver it," John answered, and the agent handed him the paper and departed.

As soon as he was out of the shop both old men drew near each other and looked at the telegram addressed to Deacon Cowee, and this is what it read:

"Denver, Col., May 5.

## AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

Jacob S. Rogers, Famous Locomotive Builder, a Head Victim.

Jacob S. Rogers, who succumbed to the intense heat in New York during the hot weather, was the richest man in New Jersey and was perhaps the most eccentric millionaire New York has known. He was born in 1824, and in 1868 succeeded to the locomotive business his father, Thomas Rogers, had built up in Paterson, N. J., after having constructed the first locomotive made in America.

In 1891 Jacob S. Rogers retired, leaving the management of the works to R. S. Hughes. Hughes died two years ago, and then Mr. Rogers astonished the world and Paterson in particular by announcing that he would close the Rogers Locomotive Works when outstanding contracts were filled. Remonstrances, meetings were held, and Mr. Rogers was asked to reconsider. It was pointed out to him that he would throw two thousand men out of employment. His reply was characteristic.

"I have paid them for their work," he said, "and I am under no obligation to them. As for Paterson, I care nothing. The works are mine, and I will close them."

And he did. Then it was proposed to



JACOB S. ROGERS.

Mr. Rogers that he should sell the works. His requirements were so great, however, that no offer was made.

Next Mr. Rogers asked the courts to name a receiver for the Rogers Locomotive Works. This was done, and the receiver said for \$602,000.

Mr. Rogers said that he had, at that time, never sold anything but locomotives and but—er and he told the truth. He invested in securities and did not sell them. If the securities were forced to a fictitious value, Jacob Rogers paid no attention. He bought much real estate, that has increased in value, and he has never sold.

At Pompton he owned a stock farm of many hundred of acres, where he raised "broader cutters," thoroughbred horses and maintained extensive game preserves. But making was his hobby. He sold the product of his dairy at 40 cents a pound—never varying. When the demand for it grew, he was offered a larger price. His reply was that butter such as he made was worth 40 cents a pound and no more.

He never married, and his only relatives are nephews and nieces. To these he leaves \$250,000, together with two \$1,000 annuities. The balance of his estate, estimated at \$8,000,000, though it may far exceed this, he bequeaths as an endowment to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York. The will, it is believed, will be contested by his satisfied heirs.

Austria Has No Colonies.

Austria is the only empire in the world which has never had colonies, or even transmarine possessions.

What has become of the old-fashioned cook who thought that anything less than ten layers in a cake indicated business?

Men don't get on the limb of a tree and cut the limb off every day, but they do things equally as foolish.

## JUBILANT UNCLE SAM

### AWFULLY BUSY, BUT FINDS TIME TO TALK.

Greatly Pleased at the Year's Export Trade of \$1,500,000,000, the Treasury Balance of \$175,000,000, and a Trade Balance of Nearly \$700,000,000.

I found Uncle Sam the other day deeply absorbed in a mass of fiscal reports. The old gentleman fairly beamed as he gave me a hearty hand grasp, but when I told him I had come for another interview his manner seemed to relax a little, I thought.

"I'll tell you how it is, Uncle Sam," said I. "The people enjoyed your Fourth of July talk so much that there are requests from all over the country for a small weekly chat. Now you won't refuse the people, will you?" I pleaded.

"No, I won't exactly refuse," he replied; "but, really, I'm awfully busy all the time. I thought I was busy in 1892, when the McKinley law was in such perfect order, but it didn't compare with what this Dingley law is doing. Why, I'm breaking the records all along the line. Just look at this total

well as abroad. We are buying more home-made goods and getting more and more independent of the rest of the world every year. We can afford to buy a few hundred millions' worth of luxuries abroad, but I want my people to buy all they can at home, and I guess they all see the point."

And the old gentleman gave me a merry wink as he went off with his pockets crammed with overflowing with coupons.—F. C. in American Economist.

In Behalf of Business.

Speaking for the business interests of the entire country in deprecation of any and all attempts to reopen the tariff question the New York Commercial wisely says:

"It would be extremely unfortunate to precipitate a national agitation that would cut a halt on the country's business just at a time when popular feeling over the outlook is most hopeful and confident. But if there really exists two wings in the Republican party—one demanding a lowering of duties or their repeal in some instances, and the other determined to stand by the policy that has built up American industry, and, incidentally, the party—why, the sooner the things is fought out to a finish the better, perhaps.

"But no American business man



of foreign bills of sale—\$1,500,000,000. There ain't another country on earth that can show such a total."

"But," I remarked, "there seems to be a falling off in exports of manufactures."

"Don't you worry about that a minute," he replied. "The falling off is in figures, not in fact. For instance, I sold nearly \$20,000,000 of goods, mostly manufactures, to Porto Rico and Hawaii in 1900. Well, I've sold them considerable more this year, and yet not a dollar's worth appears in the reports. Then the war in China has cut off enough to make up the rest of the difference between this year and last. And besides all that, there has been a reduction in prices; so, really, exports of manufactures have increased."

"But that ain't the whole point, either," I've sold fully \$2,000,000,000 worth of manufactures at home this last year; so don't worry, my boy, about an apparent loss of a few millions in foreign sales."

"Does the surplus please you?" I asked.

"It's great, isn't it? Kept right up to the mark and the estimates. And now I have reduced taxation by \$40,000,000 a year, and my friend John Bull is taxing his people right and left and wondering how he is going to foot the bills. I reckon he looks at my \$240,000,000 of custom receipts a little enviously, but he is too stubborn to change his fiscal policy, though I expect to see him putting up the bars before long."

"Then look at this treasury balance, \$175,000,000, besides the \$150,000,000 reserve fund. I'm buying bonds all the time, too. Quite different from what my last manager, Cleveland, did when he ran me into debt to the tune of about \$20,000,000, to say nothing of the interest on the bonds he sold. I tell you the people did me a mighty good turn when they gave me McKinley for a manager and a Republican protection Congress to back him up."

The old gentleman rubbed his hands gleefully and seemed as jubilant as a boy in swimming.

"You have not said anything about the big balance of trade," I remarked.

"Don't need to; it speaks for itself," he added, "I'm prouder of those figures than I can tell you. It isn't so much the six hundred and thirty odd millions to my credit, but it shows that the people are expanding at home as

wants to see the next session of Congress given over to an acrimonious debate that would imperil the passage of need legislation that the business of the country is crying for—on the isthmian canal, for instance."

If there is one thing more than another which business does not want it is tariff tinkering.

Ought to Keep Still.

A number of Democratic editors are apparently greatly concerned over the present depression in the price of wool. They are not, however. They are simply tricking in one of their old political tricks in an endeavor to pull the wool over the eyes of the ignorant. They dodge the fact that the wool industry has been built up and wool growers greatly benefited since the Republican tariff relieved them of Democratic free wool times, when the carcass, pelts, wool and all was worth little more than a piece of good wool to-day. These Democratic platform hunters ought to be the last people on God's green earth to mention wool—McArthur (Ohio) Republican.

No Longer Hate the Republic.

If Bryan wants to know how much "more power the trusts have in the Democratic party to-day than in 1896," he may take a run down to Texas and make a thorough inspection of the Standard Oil Company's late acquisitions there, both of statements and real estate. Only a year ago the Texas Legislature bucked and gagged the octopuses and stored him in a bird wire cage—Little Rock (Ark.) Republican.

Fully Answered.

The Republican party doesn't need to reply to the attacks upon the policy of the McKinley administration; they are fully answered by the condition of every branch of industry and commerce in the country. Our prosperity isn't in the next Star; it is everywhere, and everybody knows it is due to the carrying out of Republican ideas—Morning (Mich.) Republican.

Railroad Work and Wages.

Five years ago many of the railroads of the country were in the hands of receivers. To-day every railroad of the country is traffic taxed to its utmost resources. There will be nearly 10,000 miles of new track laid this year, against 1,600 in 1895, and the railroad employees will get \$100,000,000 more wages than during the Gorman-Wilson tariff.



"WHEN THE WIND IS FROM THE EAST, 'TIS NEVER GOOD FOR MAN NOR BEAST."

—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## A Valuable Suggestion.

The average housekeeper finds that her memory is shortest when it comes to the daily planning of meals. Her frequent cry that she cannot think of anything to order never seems to be suggestive to her of its own remedy. She has ordered and does order every day the round of family living, and if when the process is over she would arrange in a little book kept for the purpose the chief dishes that have appeared on the table during the twenty-four hours, she will find that she quickly accumulates a valuable memorandum. Instead of cataloging these dishes under Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, it is simpler to classify them by breakfast, luncheon, dinner, substantial and desserts. A housekeeper who has practiced this plan since the beginning of the year has over and over again been amazed to discover how the useful simple dishes escape her memory without it.—New York Evening Post.

## Six Doctors This Time.

South Bend, Ind., July 20th.—Six different doctors treated Mr. J. O. Landeman of this place for Kidney Trouble. He had been very ill for three years, and he despaired of ever being well. Somebody suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Landeman used two boxes. He is completely cured, and besides losing all his Kidney Trouble, his general health is much better than it has been for years.

No case that has occurred in St. Joseph County for half a century has created such a profound sensation, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are being well advertised, as a result of their wonderful cure of Mr. Landeman's case.

## Only a Certain Kind.

There is a story told among the peasantry of Schleswig, the former Danish province annexed after the war in 1864, of how Prince Bismarck was confounded by the tongue of a shepherd lad. Shortly after the close of the war Prince Bismarck went on an inspection tour through the provinces, as he desired to study the feelings and sentiments among the people. He talked with the peasants, getting valuable though not always agreeable information. For days he was annoyed by constantly hearing dogs called "Bismarck." Desiring to know what it meant, he called out in a gruff voice to a shepherd boy who was herding the dreaded Chancellor's name in connection with his dog:

"Are all dogs in this country named Bismarck?"

"Ach nein, mein Herr," the urchin replied as he doffed his cap, "es ist bloss die schweinhunde."—"Oh, no, sir, it is only the pig-dogs!"

Tommy's Mistake.

Father—Come, young man, get your jacket off and come with me.

Tommy—You're not going to lick me, are you, dad?

Father—Certainly, didn't I tell you this morning that I should settle with you for your bad behavior?

Tommy—Yes, but I thought it was only a joke, like when you told the grocer you was going to settle with him.—Tit Bits.

To the Poor.

Mrs. Newbridge (with an air of triumph)—Really, I was greatly surprised to get a wedding present from the Van der Gildes. They are so exclusive, you know.

Miss Jellus—Yes, but they are very charitable, I believe.

At least one-third of the 300,000 inhabitants of Buenos Ayres are Italians. They own nearly half the commercial firms of the city, with a capital of \$150,000,000.

A Cure For ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus.

Radway's Ready Relief is water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sticks, Headache, Colds, Flatulency, and all internal Pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., New York.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Good Drops.

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. WATSON, NEW YORK.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Be careful of cheap imitations.

## Appreciative.

Miss A., who is a teacher of English in a school of high rank in her native State, Mississippi, and who, in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is, perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending the summer at the New York Chalet. Her boy of spirits made her the delight of the dining table, at which she was first seated, but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her husband to another place. A lady from Boston who, had been sitting opposite the Southerner, expressed her regret at the change. "I am so sorry you are going to leave us," she said, with warmth, "we have all enjoyed your dialect so much."—Harper's Magazine.

Handicapped by Science.

"I understand that he has long been a student of political economy," said the visitor.

"He has," said Senator Gloucester, "and his economy in politics has kept him out of office. He thinks he can be elected without spending a cent."—Brooklyn Life.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Multipled.

Toyne—See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with his bare feet and pay he's got millions.



## THE BAD BOY.

The bad boy climbs the cherry tree  
And eats, and when he's done  
Throws cherries at the birds and breaks  
The limbs off just for fun;  
He knocks the smaller boys around  
And as you nudge away  
Him down the street he hollers  
"Ya-a-a!"  
And makes an ugly face.

The bad boy cuts the hammock ropes  
And spoils the flower-bed,  
And watches for a chance to push  
The good boy from the shed;  
The bad boy puts his thumb against  
His nose and turns to sass  
You when you ask him kindly not  
To run across the grass.

The bad boy gets the smaller boys  
To run away to swim,  
And while they splash around their  
clothes  
Are tied in knots by him;  
He ducks them till they lose their  
breath,  
And, while they try to dress,  
He spatters them with mud, and thus  
is filled with happiness.

The bad boy likes to torture dogs,  
He ties things to their tails,  
And what you don't want fastened down  
He hammers full of nails;  
He throws things at you when you pass,  
And if you kindly stay  
To give him good advice he calls  
You names and runs away.

The bad boy breaks his mother's heart  
And makes his father sad;  
Sometimes he changes, but too oft  
Keeps right on being bad;  
And if he does turn out all right  
And go the way he should  
He gets three times the credit that  
The boy gets who is good.

—Washington Star.

## A SHADOW BARRIER.

Alva had always known that David had been engaged before, but his love had been too satisfying, and she had been too happy to think very much about the matter.

When he asked Alva to marry him, David told her of his previous engagement, and she had been so happy to see him so happy to question him; indeed, she was not conscious of any desire to do so. She felt no resentment against the other woman, for David's love was too complete to leave any room for jealousy.

But one evening, as they sat in the cozy window seat in the library, watching the sunset colors change and glow, there came to Alva the woman's instinct to probe the heart of the man she loves, and to bare all secrets.

"Do you love me, dear?" she began, moving closer to run her fingers through David's hair.

"Indeed I do, my darling."

"Better than you ever loved anyone before?"

"Yes, dear."

"That other woman—the one you were engaged to—did you love her?"

"Of course, or I shouldn't have asked her to marry me."

Alva's hand dropped to her side, and the man took it and held it in a strong clasp.

"It seems odd," mused Alva. "I suppose you sat by her side and held her hand just as you are holding mine now. Did you make the same pretty speeches you do to me, I wonder?"

"Certainly not," replied David, gently.

"No man ever makes love to two women in quite the same way."

"No; men are too adaptable for that," said Alva, but there was no malice in her voice, and David, glancing at her quickly, saw that she did not realize how deep the truth of her remark lay.

"Isn't that red sky gorgeous?" he asked, after a moment. "In a little while it will be the faintest pink."

"It's wonderful," said Alva. "Do you know, dear, that you never told me which one of you broke that engagement?"

"Didn't I, dear?"

"No," said Alva, "but don't tell me if you would rather, she added softly. 'Somehow I feel sure that you did.'"

"Yes," David said, "you are right. I broke it."

"I am glad it was you," said Alva, quickly, "because it makes me feel sure you have no regrets. I never had any patience with the false notion of honor that prevents a man from breaking an engagement. I don't see how it can be honorable to marry a woman when you do not love her."

As she spoke Alva looked at her lover to see whether he shared her opinion. His face, with the glory of the sunset full upon it, was very sober.

He did not speak for some time, and Alva waited, knowing he would soon tell her what was in his mind.

"I did not break my engagement because I had ceased to care," he said finally, "but the woman I was to marry did me a great wrong, and I lost faith in her. I could not marry a woman I did not trust, so I released her. I think it right to tell you this, dear."

"And then," said Alva softly, "you ceased to care?"

"Yes, dear, I ceased to care. Not all at once, but gradually. There, now the sky is pink, a pink that would just become you. Don't you wish I were equipped with wings so I could fly up and get you a piece of that cloud for a ball gown?"

"Was it before you met me or afterward that you ceased to care?" Alva asked.

"I hardly know. It was before I think, that I stopped caring, but it took you to restore my lost faith in womankind."

"And I made you forget?" Alva's voice was hushed with tenderness.

"Yes, dear, you made me forget," said David in the same tone. "See how fast the pink is fading!" he continued. "It is just as well I could not get you that ball gown, I guess. I am afraid the color wouldn't wash."

Once Alva would have retorted gayly that people didn't wash ball gowns, but now she gave him a little pressure and said:

"It must have hurt you dreadfully to be treated so. Are you sure the hurt is all gone?"

David returned the pressure, but he did not speak at once. Alva looked up at him, but the light was growing dim, and she could scarcely see his face.

"It still hurts a little, dear," he said slowly; "not because I have any regrets,

but I feel a resentment because of the way I was treated. I shall get over even that in time, but now it makes me angry to think of it. I love you dearly—better than I ever thought I could love any one, but a blighted trust must always leave a scar, I suppose."

"Poor darling!" Alva's free hand went to David's head and ran lovingly through his curls and across his forehead. With a caressing emotion her fingers touched first his cheeks and then his eyes.

Suddenly she felt something wet against her hand. Her body grew tense, and her arm dropped to her side as though she had been stung.

David had said that the other woman was nothing to him now, but that tear in his eye! Slowly Alva drew her hand from his cheek—but he did not seem to notice. Presently she shivered, and he felt the motion.

"What is the matter, dear?" he said. "Are you cold? Shall I close the window? See, the pink is only a dull gray now."

"No, I am not cold," said Alva, wearily. All the brightness seemed to have gone out of her life; it had changed from gorgeous crimson to a dull gray while the sunset faded. Her heart ached, and her head throbbed. She wanted to be alone—to think it over.

"I have a headache, dear," she said aloud. "I think if you will excuse me I will go to bed. Perhaps it will be better by morning."

"I hope so, darling," answered her lover, adding in a whisper: "I am sorry. I'll go now." He continued, "And to-morrow afternoon I'll come and take you for a drive."

"Thank you, dear," said Alva, but the face she lifted to his was unresponsive to his kiss.

"Why, your hands are cold!" cried David. "How thoughtless! I was to let you sit so long beside that open window! These evenings are cool. But I was watching the sunset and did not think."

Alva sighed. It was not the sunset that made him forget, she thought.

All night Alva lay awake, staring into darkness. When daylight came she got up and wrote the following letter to her lover:

DEAR DAVID—I am sorry—I did not mean to hurt you last night. I did not suppose it could hurt you to talk of her. But it did, dear, and so although you do not know it, you must care for her still. If you did not love her, the thought of her could not bring tears to your eyes.

I am going to break our engagement, dear, for I love you too well to have even a memory between us. Ah, you do not know how it hurt me when I saw that you did not want to talk of her. Had I known that, I should have changed the subject, but I could not do it.

And I should always be wanting to talk of her to see if it still hurt you.

It will be easier to endure the agony of separation than to go through life with this awful ache in my heart, and feeling that I have not power to heal a hurt that any one else could cause you.

Do not try to see me, dear. You cannot alter my decision, and you will only make things harder for me. To think of you is almost more than I can bear, and yet I must go on thinking of you, always. Good-by, dear, and God bless you.

After this letter was sent, Alva took up her life as if it were something that must be got through, with somehow. A week passed without bringing any sign from David, but on the eighth day a letter came. Alva clutched it to her heart with a fierce eagerness. She had not known how hard it would be to let him go, out of her life. Tremblingly she broke the seal and read the letter.

MY DEAR ALVA—I am sorry to tell you how your letter hurt me, but it was a hurt far worse than the hurt of the other night, the one that caused you to write it.

I am not going to plead with you, dear. I am a proud man, and I could not do that, but I am going to ask you to alter your decision.

I hardly know how to write what I wish to, dear; how to tell you what I want you to know. There can be nothing between us; not even a memory.

Once I loved that other woman; I believed everything that she said, and when my confidence in her was shaken I thought that I never could trust any one again. I believed at the time that it was the depth of my love that made me suffer so, but now I know it was because my trust had been betrayed. I mourned not the woman herself, but the ideal she had shattered. That is why it still hurts me to talk of her, although she is nothing to me now.

It was you, dear, who brought back my faith in human nature, my trust in woman; and your power to do this is the best proof that I love you as I have never loved before.

Some people say that a man's first love is his best, but they do not know. Of course, if his first love lasts and becomes the fuller, rounded love of his later life, it is the best, but each time a man loves he loves against greater odds. His trust has more bitter experiences, more cynicism to battle with. There can be no love that is worthy the name without confidence, and the love that can bring to life a dead faith must be the greatest love.

I do not think you can realize this, dear, you are too young. But try to believe me, and do not send me away from you. I have said that I would not plead with you; but I do plead, dear. You can do what no one has ever been able to do; you can make me forget my pride.

I know how you love me. Your letter told me that, as well as of your pain. I am sorry for the hurt, dear. I understand. But if you send me away now, some day when you are older and have learned the difference between the troubles that are shadows and the cares that must be faced and fought, you will be very, very lonely.

Better the joy of love, dear, than the pain of loneliness.

The messenger is to wait for an answer. Will you, not say, "Come?"

"Cry away, dear, it will do you good," said David an hour later. Alva had said "come," but on seeing him she had burst into a passion of tears. The sudden release from the tension of the past week was too much for her self-control.

"I don't know why I am crying, I am sure," she said, "for I am glad—oh, so glad! I found out that I could not live without you."—*Una Brewster in the Ledger Monthly.*

The population of Athens, Greece, is only 80,000.



## MUD PIES.

Of all the enjoyments under the skies, There's nothing so jolly as making mud pies.

Prepare a nice shingle, or short, narrow plank,  
Lay it carefully down on a bright, sunny bank.

Take the freshest of earth and the cleanest of sand  
And mix them up thoroughly well with your hand.

Add a cupful of water, then stir with a stick—  
A little more water if it seems too thick.

Now take up a lump of this beautiful dough,  
About just enough for a mud pie, you know;

Roll it softly around and give it a pat,  
Don't have it too lumpy and yet not too flat.

Lay it down on the board and bake in the sun,  
Then make all the others just like this one.

Then sprinkle white sand over each little cake,  
And leave them about fifteen minutes to bake.

And when they are done, you'll certainly say,  
"That's the most fun I've had for many a day."

—Youth's Companion.

## LADY APPLE TREE'S SECRET.

Jane was in the garden lying on her back under the apple tree. As she looked up into the branches, with their covering of sweet pink and white blossoms, it seemed to Jane that in all the seven years she could remember there had never been so happy a springtime.

The air was sweet with the fragrance of the blossoms, and a robin was fluttering about from bough to bough, bubbling over with song.

Jane did not know the robin's secret, which was the tiny home hidden away among the leaves. But she did understand that the robin was full of happiness, and the old tree, in sympathy, fluttered her blossoms and waved her branches up and down.

Suddenly a little white messenger came sailing slowly, slowly, down to Jane—lying so quietly below the tree—and a tiny voice seemed to say: "Dear Jane, Lady Apple Tree has sent you a letter."

Sure enough, a dainty little note lay beside her on the grass. It was neatly written, with edges of most delicate pink, and it seemed to Jane almost too fairy-like to open.

When the surprised little girl had rubbed her eyes she read the note, and this is what it said:

"Beautiful World, First Apple Tree in Tenth Row, Apple Orchard."

"My Dear Little Girl Friend:

"You come to visit me so often and are always so smiling and happy that I have grown to love you very much, and I want to tell you a beautiful secret. Each of these little white blossoms that you see on my branches tells of a baby apple that is coming to me by and by. Each year I give you one of these upon my tree, and the blossom falls upon me and I grow strong and wait happily for them. If you will watch with me, little friend, you will soon see their tiny green round heads all about me. They will soon know you, too, and all summer we will live and grow together in the dear old garden. Lovingly, your friend,

THE APPLE TREE.

Jane jumped up and ran into the house to tell her mamma all about the lovely secret. When she reached her mother, who was sewing on the piazza, Jane could not find the letter—she had lost it on the way—but with shining eyes she told her mamma all about it, and they agreed to watch together for the coming of the little apple children.

Each day Jane visited Lady Apple Tree and, softly patting the trunk, would whisper, "We know!" After a week or two the white blossoms were all gone, and Jane looked anxiously for the little round green heads, but not a head could she see.

She was afraid Lady Apple Tree had made a mistake, but her mamma told her to have faith and wait patiently. One day while Jane was lying under the tree, the robin flew from her nest, and presently Jane saw three little, yellow mounds pop up above the edge of the nests. Soon Mrs. Robin came back with a worm to feed them.

Jane was so happy she scampered away to tell her mamma, who came right out to see them, and brought them crumbs. While mamma was looking up at the nest full of baby birds she saw a little green round body nestling under some leaves. Then she lifted Jane up to see it—and there was a baby apple!

At last the baby apples had come, and Jane clapped her hands and threw kisses, while Lady Apple Tree shook her leaves and waved her branches in joyful reply.

All summer long Jane watched the apples grow large and rosy, and in the fall, when they were ripe, they were picked and placed in clean barrels in the cellar, where they would keep warm and dry.

Thanksgiving time Jane's mamma selected some of the smiling, rosy-cheeked apples and placed them in a little basket, to be carried by Jane to a sick friend. In the basket was slipped a little note, saying: "With a summerful of love from Lady Apple Tree and Jane."—*Youth's Chronicle.*

## THE ONLY DOG DRUMMER.

There is only one dog drummer in the United States. He is a fine creature that belongs to Harry Horton, Atlanta, Ga.

His owner is a traveling man and makes frequent trips up and down the Atlanta and West Point Road, stopping at all the little stations along the way.

Several times he took his dog with him. As the collie, Gyp by name, is an unusually handsome fellow, intelligent and friendly, he excited much admiration and received more patting than had ever before fallen to his lot.

It was after he had three times accompanied his owner that Gyp one morning came down to the station and jumped in the baggage car. The baggage-master recognized him and, supposing that Mr. Horton was aboard, made him welcome. The train pulled out, and at the first station the dog got out and went to the hotel at which his master was accustomed to stop. The landlady remembered him, and he was fed and petted. He remained until the next day, then took a train and went to the next station, where he again put up at the customary hotel.

In this way he made the usual trip, much to the amusement of baggage-masters and hotel men. The news of his peculiar journey preceded him, and at every town he received an ovation.

Meanwhile there was consternation in the Horton family when it was found that Gyp was missing. A fruitless search was made for him and a large reward offered. But he had been gone several days before anything was heard of him.

Then a telegram came from West Point, Ga., telling of Gyp's arrival there and of the strange trip he was making. Mr. Horton decided to let him alone and see what would be his plan. In due season Gyp arrived home, having made every town that he had visited with his owner.

The experience was so pleasant that he has often made the journey since, and is now as well known along the road as Mr. Horton. Whenever he disappears no uneasiness is felt. Mr. Horton merely remarks: "I guess he's doing my territory again."

## A MUSICAL CAT.

It is doubtful if the average citizen will see or hear a cat play a Beethoven symphony on the piano; pick a dainty Spanish waltz on the mandolin; strum a serenade on a guitar or rattle off "rag-time" on a banjo, but a little black cat belonging to a Germantown, Penn., family is making an honest, earnest endeavor to do all these things. If he fails it will be on account of physical limitations—not talent.

The name of the musical cat is Snowball. He is small and black and his family tree is somewhat obscure. He belongs to the Humphreys family, and is the special pet and pride of W. Weston Humphreys, the twelve-year-old son of the house.

At present Master Humphreys has charge of his pet's musical education, and gives him about three hours' training daily on the piano, guitar and mandolin. In time the banjo will be added, and perhaps the best masters at home and abroad will be called upon to give him a finish.

A month ago the Humphreys family was awakened at midnight for three consecutive nights by some one playing the piano. There was little melody in this, rather an indiscriminate jangle of keys in discord, but it worried them. At length it was set out on the fourth night they caught Snowball walking up and down the keyboard with every semblance of feline delight.

That gave them the idea, and young Master Humphreys, who is something of a musician, started out to teach the cat to step on certain keys at certain intervals. This has succeeded, fairly well. The sharp claws of the cat make ideal "picks" for the mandolin, and so long as a person will hold that instrument or a guitar up for him he will sweep the strings with every indication of knowledge and understanding. —*New York World.*

## HOW MOUNT VERNON GOT ITS NAME.

Mount Vernon, once the home and now the burial place of George Washington, is so associated in public affection with the name and deeds of the father of his country that we always think of the first President when we think of the home that he made famous. But George Washington did not name Mount Vernon; it was so called before he came into possession of it. George Washington's half brother, Augustine Washington, was the first owner of the estate, and gave it the name of Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, a famous British commander under whom Augustine Washington served in the old war against Spain early in the eighteenth century. He was a devoted admirer of the old admiral, and when the war was ended and he came back to his estate he named the place Mount Vernon in the admiral's honor.

## THE PRINCE'S BUTTON.

A young lady wrote to an officer engaged in the Crimean campaign, telling him to take Sebastopol as speedily as possible, and send her a button from the prince's coat as a souvenir. Meanwhile the officer had been captured. However, it was the kindly custom of the Russians to forward letters to their prisoners after opening and reading them. Prince Menshikoff sent on this particular letter along with a note from himself, in which he said that he was sorry he could not comply with the young lady's first two requests, but that he could gratify her third wish for which purpose he begged to enclose a button from his coat.

## Composition on Love.

Love is a thing that makes people think each other pretty when nobody else does.

It causes two persons to be awful quiet when you're round, and also quiet when you're not round—only in a different way.

It also causes people to sit together on one end of a bench when there's heaps of room on the other end.

Nurses has it and sometimes policemen. That's when they don't know where you are, and you have lots of fun playing on the grass.

Husbands and wives has it, but most generally only lovers.

Old people don't have much, 'cause it has to be about dimples and red cheeks and flirty curls and lots of things which old people don't ever have.

When I grow up I'll have to go and love someone, I suppose. Only she'll have to let me say what I do.

I've written all I know about it till I grow up.—*Envoy in New York Sun.*

## DISSEMINATING SLANG.

CLICKING A NEW WORD FROM CITY TO CITY.

Slang Travels Faster Than Steam Because It Is Telegraphed to Chums by Operators—Ingenious Explanation of the Origin of a Phrase—Wit by Wire.

It is a curious fact that "slang travels faster than steam." This is vaguely ascribed to the telegraph and the operators, but no one save the operators seems to know how quickly catch phrases are made to fly from city to city. All things center in the telegraph offices; to them go all sorts of people—theatrical folk, "horsey" men, commercial travellers, men about town, messengers, receiving clerks, and, in smaller cities, even the operators hear and are quick to "pick up" the latest phrases and catch-words, such as will lend themselves to interpolation between messages handled on a busy wire.

Telegraph offices are busy places, and those working in them must needs condense their humor into the smallest possible space or go without it; hence telegraphic wit is generally confined to crisp things that come out with a click, and are so edged with sarcasm as to reach hundreds of miles to the man at the other end of the wire.

One somewhat vulgar word, "bug-house," originated in a telegraph office, and had a surprisingly quick popularity. On a busy morning, the first wire wire, telegraph offices between New York and Baltimore "went out of balance."

In other words, the delicate currents traversing it encountered a resistance great enough to cause them to cease intelligibly to actuate the multiple instruments connected with it. The wire chiefs between Baltimore and New York were called in, and after much testing the trouble was located in Baltimore's instruments. The Baltimore wire chief, upon close examination, found that the trouble was caused by a cockroach, which, after tumbling into an ink-well, flush with the table, crawled out and dragged its wet body upon the top of the resistance box, trying to escape into the box's interior through one of the switch-plate holes.

The insect's wet body formed a connection, and the current traversed it as readily as it would have a metal plug placed in the hole; therefore many hundred ohms too much resistance was thrown across the path of the passing currents. Hence the resistance box "had a bug," which created "wire trouble."

This information was repeated to New York when the wire started again. The story was told about the metropolitan office, discussed and commented upon, and a new slang word came into being, one just suited to telegraphic uses. Variations were settled upon within fifteen minutes, and the new bit of slang was sent flying over the country in every direction, as the poor wit of the operators found opportunity to use it.

Soon after I was assigned to the St. Louis wire, I knew the man in the Missouri city personality, and we were much given to joking with each other. I was ready to pass the new word on to him when occasion offered, but before the opportunity came a difference of opinion arose between us over the matter of a newspaper special then passing between us. At an interesting point in the controversy my distant friend calmly clicked off the opinion that I was "bug-house."

"Where did you get hold of that?" I asked. He said, "The man on the Cincinnati wire said he yelled it at me. So Baltimore had passed the new slang to Cincinnati. St. Louis got it next, and probably passed it to Ogden, and Ogden sent it flying to the Pacific Coast. Chicago had it from Cincinnati, and passed it to the Northwest. St. Louis clicked it to New Orleans and the Southwest. It could, travelling at the rate it maintained in the first fifteen minutes of its life, have traversed the United States and Canada within an hour."

The operators passed it to the clerks in each office, the clerks to the messengers, and the messengers to the wiremen, who in turn passed it to every nook and corner of the respective cities. The next day the smaller cities had the new idiom, with variations; next the small towns and rural communities received it; in a week it was worn threadbare.—*G. G. in the New York Post.*

## JOS. JEFFERSON AT SEVENTY-TWO.

The Great Comedian Seems to Have Found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

In Florida, where Ponce de Leon failed to discover the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, Joseph Jefferson seems to have found it," declares James S. Metcalfe, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "He is a picturesque figure. His ruddy cheeks and bright eyes give the lie to his seventy-two years. He is slender, but not with the leanness of age. His hair, mostly black, streaked only here and there with gray, and in length showing a whole new contempt for the fine art of the barber, blows about in the breeze. His fingers are as quick and deft at knotting a line or adjusting a sinker as those of a boy on the banks of a stream, and he enters into every detail with boyish enjoyment. His fishing he alternates with landscape painting, writing and the care of plants. In none of these pursuits does he claim professional skill, but he brings to them something more than professional zest. Mr. Jefferson is a very abstemious man. In eating, as in other things—except occupation in the open air—he evidently believes in moderation as a means to well living and long living. He did not join in our after-lunchen smoke, stating that if he had not given up tobacco a good many years ago he felt sure that he would not be with us now. Whatever the secret of his long and useful life, it is safe to say that every one of his countless friends and admirers would be glad to lengthen it by a fulfillment of his own Rip's favorite benediction: 'Here's his health and his family's, and may they live long and prosper.'"

## Philosophy of Simon Frost.

Children are wise men hadn't oughter speak till they're spoken to.

The biggest peds ain't always got the most beans in 'em.

Blood's thicker'n water, an' sometimes it gits so thick that it's stagnant.

There's them that likes to laugh at a man for bein' poor, but nobody's fooled into belevin' they ain't mighty poor themselves, specially in manners.

There's always some hope left for the

## DISSEMINATING SLANG.

CLICKING A NEW WORD FROM CITY TO CITY.

Slang Travels Faster Than Steam Because It Is Telegraphed to Chums by Operators—Ingenious Explanation of the Origin of a Phrase—Wit by Wire.

It is a curious fact that "slang travels faster than steam." This is vaguely ascribed to the telegraph and the operators, but no one save the operators seems to know how quickly catch phrases are made to fly from city to city. All things center in the telegraph offices; to them go all sorts of people—theatrical folk, "horsey" men, commercial travellers, men about town, messengers, receiving clerks, and, in smaller cities, even the operators hear and are quick to "pick up" the latest phrases and catch-words, such as will lend themselves to interpolation between messages handled on a busy wire.

Telegraph offices are busy places, and those working in them must needs condense their humor into the smallest possible space or go without it; hence telegraphic wit is generally confined to crisp things that come out with a click, and are so edged with sarcasm as to reach hundreds of miles to the man at the other end of the wire.